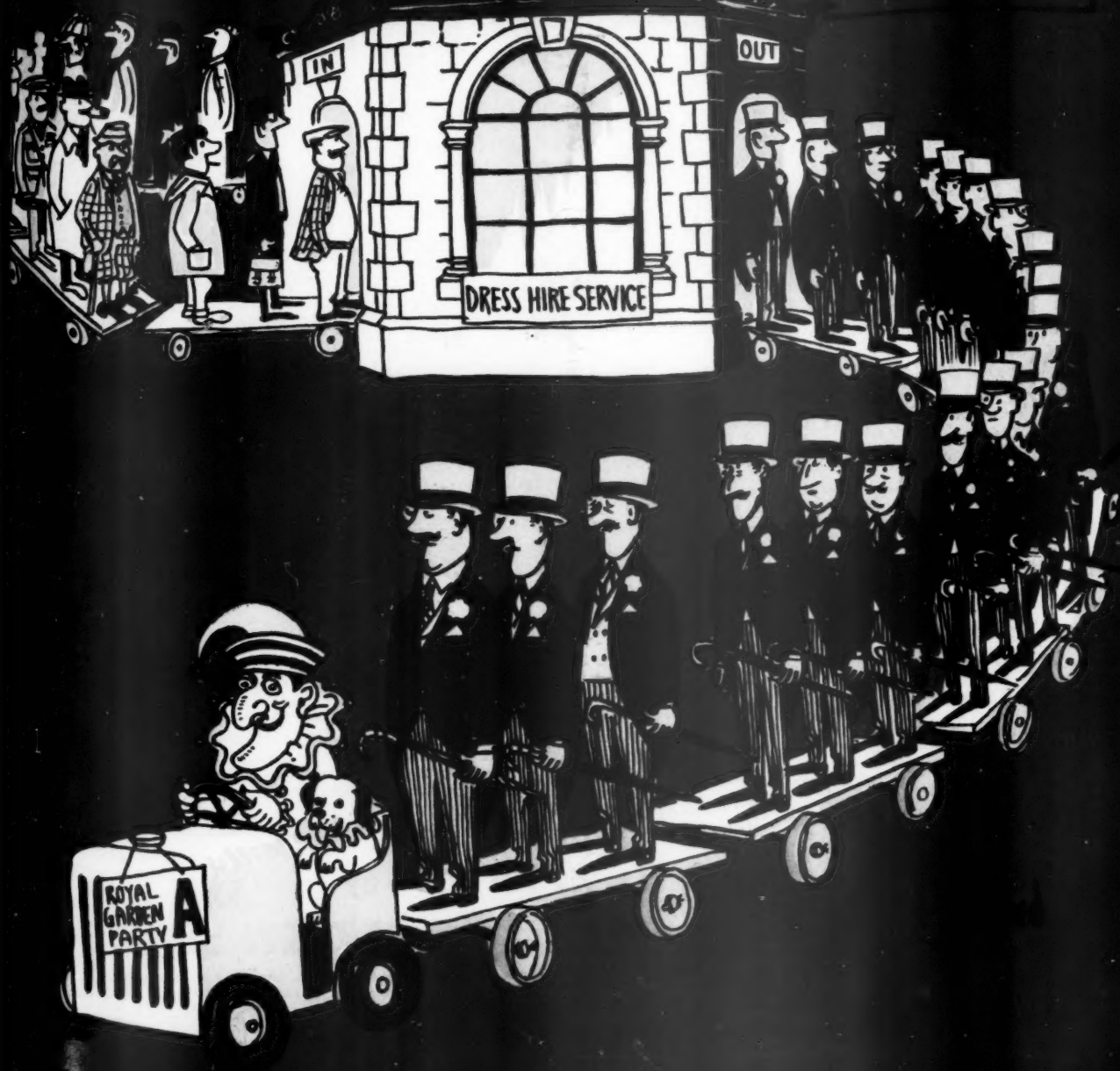


Punch

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The London Charivari

THE new revolt of the unions on a bomb policy sets Mr. Gaitskell a bigger poser than ever. Can he ignore the go-it-alone, unilateral disarmament brigade without facing a complete break-up of the Left, and can he be quite certain, while he struggles in the waters of controversy, that Supermac will not up and pinch his trousers? There is now so little to distinguish Left from Right in our politics that Mr. Macmillan must have his eyes skinned in search of a new ideological differential, and there are obvious economic attractions, if we are to go on never having had it so good, in the idea of cutting out nuclear waste.

Parks Nuisance

WILLIAM MORRIS, described as a poet, was arrested in a New York park for making a speech without a permit. His plea that he was reciting one of his works was, with some misgivings, accepted. We can be sure that those who draw up parks regulations, in



all lands, will rush to plug this loophole—"No person shall declaim, recite, indite, repeat, chant or utter any literary composition, rhymed or otherwise, to himself or to any other person or persons, under penalty of a fine not exceeding 40s." At present, declaiming

poets can be proceeded against only if they simultaneously commit an offence under common law, like going without trousers or using offensive expressions (in 1941 a Rhondda magistrate ruled that a man was not entitled to use obscene language when talking to himself).

The Spread of Culture

WHEN Ian Colvin, of the *Daily Telegraph*, rang up the Government of Buganda to find out what the Four Kings of Uganda were going to talk about at Mbarara, he thought it worth recording that "a cultured voice" replied. What did he expect?



"Bwanas them hold indaba one-time"? Or was he brought up on *Sanders of the River*? Bosambo would presumably pick up the telephone and say "O ko, Lord. I hear you." If that was what he was expecting he must have been even more disappointed to have to record that Sir Titio Winyi, the Senior King, said to him "Our first task is to produce a collective memorandum for the Colonial Secretary."

Putting His Foot Down

I SUPPOSE no one had more right than the Archbishop of Canterbury to add his voice to the appeal for more



"I was worried stiff. I thought I was in Coventry for exceeding my production quota. Then one day the shop steward took me on one side and explained about faulty personal hygiene..."

care on the roads. All the same, with Stirling Moss's licence so recently suspended, His Grace might have hit on a better line than that one about us motorists being "amateur drivers" who can't hope to be as smart at the wheel as professionals.

Each Other's Washing

A NEW pool called "Bulls and Bears," based on Stock Exchange quotations, swims into our ken on May 26. It will follow the football pool pattern, punters being asked to put their crosses against the ten securities most likely to succeed. So now, in our roaring Welfare State, we can have a flutter on a flutter. I only wish that the directors (one of them is Matt Busby) had gone the whole hog and restricted the securities to companies manufacturing lucky charms and astrological almanacks. Anyway, lots of British luck to them.

It's For Your Own Good

LINCOLN Co-op's refusal to deliver half-pints of milk because they are uneconomic and anyhow people ought to drink a pint a day may start ripples in a wide pool. If Mr. Roy Thomson, *Sunday Times* owner, keeps saying we should have bigger papers often enough

newsagents may ban puny pamphlets of twenty-four pages or so. Why should postmen trudge their boots to bits for a single starveling postcard when any decent citizen would be far better off with an assorted dozen of dividend warrants, letters from cousins in Australia and soap samples? The next thing these Lincoln shrews will be wanting for their niggard's paradise is a roll of bread and a jug of wine from the off-licence.

Stiff Upper Lip, Chaps

WITH effect from my payment of the premium now due, the insurance on my flat does not cover loss or destruction or damage or any loss or expense or, in fact, any legal liability of whatsoever nature directly or indirectly caused by or contributed to or arising from ionizing radiations or contamination by radioactivity from nuclear fuel or waste. I am glad to say, though, that the flat is still covered against damage by horses or cattle, should any of them manage to get up to my floor in the lift, so I shall be reasonably safe unless and until (this style is catching) the landlords install nuclear central heating. Loss, destruction, damage, etc., due to the release of energy by nuclear bombs will, I hope, be covered by the Government under the heading War Damage. Anyone for tennis?



"Cod convoys! And we all trained for nuclear subs."

Glimpse of the Obvious

FOUNDATIONWEAR, I learn from a handout typed on pink paper, "is big business and growing bigger every year." Once you have found out that "foundationwear" is a trade term meaning, if the trade will excuse the expression, brassières, you can see why this should be.

Monk's Profitable Habit

I SEE an opening for an up-to-date version of Ketèlby's *In a Monastery Garden* in the story of Father Bernard, the Franciscan rock 'n' roll guitarist whose religious ballads composed in a Montreal retreat were given to a wider public and now top the hit parades in Quebec province. He is not really, as might appear on the surface, one of the latter-day Lollards, because although this word meant "those who sing or mutter" the followers of Wyclif, so called by their enemies, didn't do a lot of singing. Lollards was originally the term used in contempt of mendicant Béguines (women) and Béghards (men) from whom we got the word beg; they began the Béguine-type begging.

Arms and the Boy

I SEE that an enormous increase is reported this year in the number of bicycles sold to teenagers. This stresses once again the affluence of this section of the populace. In the old days they used to buy the chains separately.

Modernizing Needed

ONE branch of printing that remains untouched by the zeitgeist is metal plates warning, adjuring and deterring the public. You can still wander round an ironmongers and buy such quaint, old-fashioned exhortations as "No Hawkers," "No Canvassers," "Private"; but where can you buy mid-twentieth century notices like "No Pollsters," "Engine-racing Prohibited" and, above all, "No Jehovah's Witnesses"?

You and Picasso Both

A GROUP of Birmingham doctors who have decided to hang good paintings in their consulting rooms argue that even if the patients don't like them the plan will at least get them talking. In case feelings run too high, a first-aid kit could be left on the table.

— MR. PUNCH



"I shall have to ask the kids."

AMERICAN ATTITUDES

The writer is London correspondent for
Time Magazine



7 THE TRUTH ABOUT GANGSTERS - By MICHAEL DEMAREST

Crime marches on, but it becomes less easy to define it.

RETURNING to London on the night jet from New York one day last winter I followed a gentle-faced American violinist through Customs. At least, I knew he was an American violinist because he was lugging a green passport and a black violin-case. Sure enough, after he had solemnly attested that the modest quantities of Luckies and Old Granddad in his possession were solely for his own delectation, a pink-faced customs officer insisted sternly on inspecting the violin-case. He didn't say what he expected to find inside, but it was pretty obvious from the look on his face that he was making good and sure no Yank gangster types were getting through with sawn-off shotguns, and all. Not without paying duty on the firearms anyway.

Of course this scene may have been a hallucination induced by a sleepless night and too many cups of airline coffee (the only liquid available) at Goose Bay, Labrador, an outpost of Empire so insignificant that east-bound jets can put down there without really denting their claim to be non-stop. But I rather think not. The customs man looked almost crest-fallen when he discovered what, on Broadway, might be called a violin-type violin.

I find I am rather touched by the British wish to believe that, yes, Virginia, there is a Gangland. They don't take our elections very seriously, and find it hard to believe we have a foreign policy or a Sense of Purpose, but at least some of our institutions appeal to their imaginations. The British ask so wistfully if Americans really shuttle from psychiatrist to cocktail party to \$25-a-steak restaurants, from tranquilizers to pep pills and from wife to wife, that it hurts to disillusion them.

One question that always seems to get asked, and always with infinite expectation, is "What about your gangsters?" Some of my compatriots take this as an intentional piece of one-upmanship, like asking if mother has joined Alcoholics Anonymous yet. I think it's more likely that the questioner is either (a) being polite, and straining for a common topic; or (b), as a Gangland bluff, hoping to be reassured that the violent, simply-ordered world of crime fiction does exist, that mobster massacres still block noontime traffic in Chicago,

that G-men are as pure and fearless as TV's Wyatt Earp, and the hood who tries to muscle in always gets rubbed out, see?

"Yes, indeed," you find yourself saying (boasting?), "we still have gangsters. Lots of them. All sorts."

But the answer is not as gratifying as it should be, because like most American institutions it involves (or does these days) lengthy and rather self-conscious explanation.

The long or night-train-to-Scotland explanation, of course, is to begin with a brief history of the United States and the kind of rebels and adventurers it attracted, throw in a reference to Alexander Hamilton's "supposition of universal venality in human nature," and after describing the vast and cheerful corruption of nineteenth century American cities, ease into a comparison of decentralized U.S. government with the more compact and unified English system. The advantage of this approach is that you seldom reach Crime before Edinburgh.

The truth is that though times and styles have changed, in crime as in stamp-collecting, U.S. society is probably no purer to-day than it was in Good King Al Capone's Golden Days. Many critics think we are worse off, and they are not referring to the quality of booze.

What has happened to gangsters, generally, is that they have accepted the Industrial Revolution. In the old days, for example, the mobs devoted considerable time and talent to the elimination of mobsters. To-day, despite the occasional forced liquidation of an over-ambitious interloper, crime's Top People usually adjudicate their disputes with a statesman-like dispatch that U.S. Steel might well copy. Accidents still happen, but most racketeers to-day consider violence uncouth. Far from turning in their badges just because liquor became legal, the racketeers fanned out into greener, less confining fields that not only offer more profitable employment but greater freedom from police harassment and longer life expectancy as well.

The most lucrative sector of the rackets economy is gambling, which resembles bootlegging to the extent that it is an illegal activity, like Prohibition drinking, in which millions of Americans indulge without feeling that it is morally wrong.

In most States even off-track betting is against the law; yet in some cities a million dollars a month are wagered this way. In New York City, where fortunes are spent on a form of lottery known as the numbers racket, Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy has observed bitterly that gambling has become "the most corrupt influence since bootlegging in the Prohibition era." At the time all one hundred and eighty-three of the selected policemen attached to the city's Bureau of Criminal Identification were under investigation in connection with the substitution in court of fake police records for previously convicted gambling organizers.

The big advantage of the gambling industry, to any hard-headed underworld entrepreneur, is its expansion possibilities. From such highly-organized but vulnerable branches of the business as inter-State horse-race betting, which demands leased wires and a high degree of co-operation from a wide variety of authorities, he can branch into fruit-machines or one-armed bandits, and in many cases purely as a "front" into other, innocuous, slot-machines such as jukeboxes and cigarette machines; thence into extortion and shakedown rackets. The gambling tycoon can invest in local lotteries and punchboard distribution, or hit the big time by buying into the gambling palaces in areas (such as pre-Castro Cuba)

where anything goes. And, barring industrial disputes, it's a real clean business, as they say.

The mark of the mobocracy to-day is its Cadillacized respectability. When more than two dozen racketeers were arrested after attending a "summit conference"—supposedly to reorganize the narcotics industry—in upstate New York a few years ago their indignation could not have been surpassed if the cops had broken up a Kiwanis convention. (One of the delegates turned out to be Buffalo's 1956 Man of the Year. Later, when narcotics agents knocked on another delegate's front door his wife promptly called the police.)

"Well, do you ever meet a mobster?" Londoners ask. As a matter of fact, yes. The most engaging racketeer I ever encountered used to hang out at a corner saloon in Greenwich Village where a friend and near-neighbour of mine went to seek solace when his four children decided to raise hell. Tony, as the underworld gentleman was called, was an intelligent, witty and obviously well-heeled Italian-American, and like most Italians he adored children. After a few weeks of buying each other beers and playing the Italian hand game, Tony insisted that he and his cronies would like nothing better than to play poker in my neighbour's apartment while neighbour and wife went out on the town.



"We're not really supposed to feed them."



"They don't seem to be in."

In Manhattan baby-sitters are rare, costly (about nine shillings an hour) and crotchety about people who stay out late. Not so Tony and Co., whose poker games were customarily conducted in a smog of cigar-smoke that could hardly be pierced by the noonday sun. The neighbours were delighted, and far too addicted to free baby-sitting to drop Tony when they discovered that he was the local Mafia chief. The night they carted him off for extorting protection money from local businessmen—the corner saloon was one of his protégés—Tony kept the cops waiting while he summoned the neighbours from a party.

The Mafia, unfortunately, does not resemble its Greenwich Village agent. A dour, vengeful network that is still dominated by Sicilian-American families, the Mafia is believed by crime experts to have a virtual monopoly on the narcotics trade. Official vagueness about the Mafia is understandable; its members do not squeal. But they, too, are known to have infiltrated such comfortable occupations as garbage collection and jukebox distribution.

The racketeer's greatest achievement is that to-day, as one official admitted wryly the other day, "it's hard to define one." Mobsters and mob methods have largely moved out of the underworld and into the marketplace, allying themselves in some cases with business, in many instances with unions. (The most notorious example is the tough, truculent Teamsters Union, basically composed of inter-city truck drivers, whose boss, James Hoffa, and aides have been described as having contact with every top hoodlum in the U.S.) For the mobster who relies on lawyers rather than guns, and turns to such useful business activities as purchasing (politicians) or sales (buy ours, or else), is little different in kind from many another tycoon whose police record is confined to parking violations.

For this is the point that takes until Edinburgh to explain. In Prohibition days racketeering was violent, professional and exposed; but then anyone who took a drink broke the law. Since then the gap has closed. To-day, nearly all

Americans condone or connive in evasions and corruptions that are far less innocent than the consumption of bathtub gin.

Businessmen freely keep cops in spending money for the privilege of parking in prohibited zones outside office or apartment building. A traffic ticket, to the wise, is something to be fixed. Jury duty, plainly out of the question for the busy man, can be averted by remembering the right politician at Christmas. As any police reporter knows, the lubricants of corruption reach daily from the bookie joint to the judge who (unlike his British counterpart) is elected, and remembers his friends.

Many Americans justify petty wrongdoing (loading drinks on the expense account, deducting them on the income tax) as a brave revolt against government oppression. To argue otherwise is to seem priggish, or timorous, or square. But the U.S. public did not seem inordinately outraged when the folk heroes of TV quiz shows admitted that they had consistently and cynically cheated their audiences. Consumers did not boycott manufacturers who had used glue or gelatine to make cake look yummier or suds seems sudsier on TV. Undergraduates who cheat in their finals have no trouble finding jobs of responsibility or trust. "Surely," goes the argument, "if it's not illegal it's okay."

In self-defence we can argue that our pioneers were imposing law on a wilderness only seventy-five years ago. We can hope that by entrusting government to local communities we ensure that ultimately people get the kind of government they want; and in fact official corruption to-day is minor and shamefaced compared to the brazen larcenies of Boss Tweed's era. But the general decline in rectitude, like juvenile delinquency, is as hard to explain as to cure.

Back in Prohibition days we had no trouble defining a racketeer.

Further contributors will include: Thomas Griffith, Ian Nairn, Vance Packard, Patrick Skene Catling.

Terrible as a Demonstration with Banners

By B. A. YOUNG

THE Calais officials who deported seven British supporters of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—and that at the beginning of French Fortnight—were only showing how little they knew about the British art of demonstration.

The object of the intrepid seven was to march from Aldermaston to the summit (*sic*) via London, Canterbury, Rouen and Paris carrying a banner inscribed with the words ALDERMASTON TO THE SUMMIT VIA LONDON, CANTERBURY, ROUEN, PARIS; but the Calais police took their banner away, not to mention five thousand leaflets in French, so that even if they hadn't been deported they would only have seemed like just another party of English holidaymakers caught between hitch-hikes. Still, banner or no banner, the French Minister of the Interior was against them, and it is not hard to see why. He was under the impression that they intended to *do something*.

Of course he was judging them by the standards of demonstrators in other countries. If they had been French demonstrators they would have run up a barricade in Paris, if not in Rouen, gouged out cobble-stones from the streets, and thrown them through the windows of the local office of the Ministry of Nuclear Research. If they had been Indians they would very likely have poured petrol over each other and set fire to it. If they had been Egyptians they would have overturned a tram. If they had been from Little Rock, Arkansas, they would have had a shot at lynching a negro.

These are not at all the ways of British demonstrators. British demonstrators realize that it is not their function to do things. There is always someone else much better equipped for this than they are; after all, a banner is not much of a tool when it comes to burning down an embassy or dismantling an atomic cannon. The object of British demonstrators is to get someone else to do something, and their most effective way of doing this is to walk from one place to another. At the moment the most popular route is

between Aldermaston and London, but it is not the only one. Demonstrators against architecture will march happily from one part of London to another. Demonstrators against the destruction of the St. James's Theatre will march up and down St. James's Street. Demonstrators against South African domestic policy are expected to be seen later in the season marching about St. John's Wood and Kennington. Occasionally a lone demonstrator is to be found marching to and fro outside the Law Courts.

Marching is not the only way of demonstrating open to the British. There is also sitting down, or even lying down, in public. This is indeed passive resistance at its most passive; by contrast, the action of Gandhi and his followers when they squatted on the beach and made salt from seawater seems a regular riot. If it was this the Calais police feared, they might have been reassured; the principal object of the recumbent British demonstrator is to be picked up and lifted out of the way. Police proceedings may follow, but broken windows, or bones, are most unlikely to.

It is this peculiarly peaceable character that renders the British demonstrator so charming. There is no need to agree with the cause that he stands for, in fact a lot of the people involved in some of the more spectacular demonstrations only go along for the

ride, or rather the walk; but the world would be a boring place if we inquired into the motives of everyone who does anything picturesque. Why does a lark sing, if it comes to that? It may be demonstrating against hawks, or against weasels, or against rain; but as long as it sings we don't much care. Besides, it, like the British demonstrator, probably feels much better when it's finished.

So let the French Minister of the Interior give Messrs. Holtom, Richardson, Renny, Golton, Marcovitch, Pearson and Gilmour another chance. They are not of the calibre to overthrow the Fifth Republic. Even if they were conspirators their record hardly suggests that they are likely to prove much danger to anyone. The French Federation Against Nuclear Arms had arranged to meet them at Dieppe; but they turned up at Calais. If they found their way to Paris, via Rouen or any other route, it is quite likely they would go to the wrong summit.

Man in Apron by



The Stampa-da-Grape Atavism

By PATRICK RYAN

IT is in the bottom corners of inner pages rather than the headlines, in those six-line column-fillers about Life backing up on people of all nationalities, that the world of my reality rides by. And my apathetic geist found total engagement in this twenty-nine word dispatch in the *Daily Telegraph* from Our Own Correspondent in Kuala Lumpur:

Tan Teong Swee, 60, accused here to-day of illegally distilling rice wine at his home, told the court, "I bathe in it for my lumbago." He was fined £23.

Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady have nothing over Tan Teong Swee and me. We are blood-brothers, both do-it-yourself vintners, both victims of lumbago, each suffering the same misfortunes, he in Kuala Lumpur

me a couple of searing twinges, but it didn't fix me solid. My lumbago is the self-locking type. It can paralyse you at the door-knob or hoop you helpless over a spade.

"Strip the berries from the stalks," ordained Mrs. Beeton, "and pour over them three gallons of boiling water to each seven pounds of fruit, bruise well and strain through a hair-sieve or jelly-bag."

I had about twenty-six pounds in my harvest. That had me coming up for ten gallons of water and the sheer liquid bulk of the project frightened me. I am one of the smaller châteaux and all my previous vintages had been handled within the confines of a rose-red plastic bucket.

The only possible vat for this brew was the bath. My wife and daughter had forbidden me fermentation in the

the sandpaper began peeling off the masher.

As I stood back to survey the brew I suddenly felt my toes curling and tromping inside my shoes. It was, of course, the old stampa-da-grape atavism. Never mind the thin man screaming inside the fat man. As any psychiatrist will tell you, inside every human being there is a stampa-da-grape crying for release, bursting for the chance to leap into the vat and get splashing around with all those dark-eyed, warbling peasants. The desire frequently expressed by English heroines to run barefoot through the grass is but a sublimation of the stampa-da-grape atavism. Children only slosh through puddles because they can't get grape-juice. And it all comes out in the theatre; most times I've seen a true-blue British musical, the chorus, somewhere



and I in the Balham High Road. Had I been the judge when they wheeled him in I'd not have fined him twenty-three quid. I'd have given him a few dollars out of the poor-box in memory of an affair I once had with nine and a half gallons of elderberry wine.

We bought our house from a man who loved hock and hated horticulture. Thus, we took over a coal-shed full of slim-jim bottles and a jungle of elderberries. I washed the bottles, and picked the fruit until I was waist-deep in black beauties. The bending freshened up my lumbago and it gave

bathroom. The smell, they said, gets in their hair. But they were out for the afternoon and so I lugged my lot upstairs and dumped it in the bath.

It was a gorgeous sight when I poured in the water. A purple, foaming sea, fit for any Nicean bark of yore, steaming and black-dimpled all over with floating berries like a sheet of hot, magnified caviar. When it cooled down I started in to bruise the fruit with my daughter's table-tennis bat, crushing the bobbles between racket-face and porcelain. This was slow work, however, and I had to give up when

about the second curtain, have come prancing on as hep-cat wine-stompers from way up the Douro. The glistening berries called to my old Adam and I was overwhelmed by the primeval longing to feel grapes squelching under my instep and juice spurting between my toes. Stripping off like a murderer dismembering, I put on my leopard-skin bathing trunks, scrubbed up and stepped into the bath.

The release! It was wonderful... Age-old knots untied inside my head, neck-muscles came out of spasm and tension flowed out of my ears. Sex,

power-drive and death-wish can no doubt do their Freudian bit to scramble your id, but it's the stamper-da-grape frustration that tightens the final bow-string across your temples. Twice up and down the length and I was a new man. Not only was I captain of my fate and master of my soul, I was their shop-steward as well.

Happy as Guétary was I as I bounced my *bel canto* off the ceiling... Ah! *Belle Marguerite, So wonderful to see, Les pieds de ma petite, Marguerite treads the grapes with me!*... Half a hundred berries fell at every footprint and if Hilaire Belloc had been there he'd have written a ballade about me. My lumbago protested a bit at my high-stepping action but I ignored it and slithered and sloshed merrily away, taking it carefully on the turns, however, in case the chain caught in my toes and I lost the whole vintage down the plug-hole.

Twenty minutes of elemental ecstasy I was allowed and then, Life being what it is to such as T. T. Sweet and me, the blunt head of bathos came grinning in. He was surprised in his rice-wine bath by Malayan Excisemen; I was coming up to the fifth encore when I heard the front door open and my women come in... I turned to leap out... slipped on a footfull of skins... twisted sideways as my legs shot from under me and the screws flashed up my back like zippers... lost control completely and fell face-up, full-length in the purple bath of Bacchus.

I rested a moment to take in the event and then reached forward to haul myself up... I couldn't move! I was fixed solid! My self-locking lumbago had come on with all anchors out. My sacro-iliac and parts that there adjacent lie were set in concrete, the padlock was



on my lumbar region and Hackenschmidt held me by the hips. I was trapped, helpless as any bride in a bath, measuring my length in nine and a half gallons of elderberry wine.

They came running upstairs, discovered me lying there a lilac Ophelia, and both screamed at once. The child yelled at the prospect of life with a lunatic father, while her mother thought I had done myself in Roman. The blood-red bath-water gave her the impression that I had opened a vein in classic comfort, but she was reassured when she saw the fruit floating around. She knew, as she explained later, that I could not have bled elderberries.

They wouldn't touch me lest they were marked indelibly for life, so my daughter got her skipping rope. I held the handles while they hauled away on the loop till they finally pulled me erect. There were little bells in the handles and they tinkled prettily as I rose like Venus from the wine-dark sea.

The mush hadn't been deep enough to cover me and I came out like a penny-plain harlequin. Facing you, I was a paleface; back-view, I'd been

done over with permanganate of potash. From the rear I was wearing tights of gentian violet; at the front I was white as Christmas. Dressed, I didn't look so bad, except that my head was encased in a purple scrum-cap.

They kept asking me what-in-God's-name I was doing bathing in elderberry wine. I tried my usual escapist ploy of pretending to be blind drunk, but it didn't wash, so I finally said that a man had told me that bathing in young wine was a cure for lumbago. I think my wife believed this and passed it around her coffee-mates, the finest broadcasting system in the world. That may have been how the idea got out to Kuala Lumpur and I'm very sorry that T. T. Sweet didn't get away with it in his defence.

My judges carried on at me like the black death, but they didn't fine me £23. And, although they let my vintage down the drain, there was one good thing came out of it all. The next war we have there'll be no need to paint any five-inch limit round our porcelain. All we'll have to do is fill up the bath as far as it's purple.



Misleading Cases

The Queen v. Mortimer

By A.P.H.

THERE was a startling turn to the Sunday Entertainment case at Bow Street this morning. In the dock was Mr. R. Mortimer, charged with an offence against the Sunday Observance Act, 1781, which forbids the opening of any house, room, or place for any public entertainment "to which persons are admitted by payment." According to an information laid by the Sunday Society, Mr. Mortimer was the promoter of a charity football match in aid of the Lawyers' Widows and Orphans Fund, in which twenty-two leading figures from stage and screen took part.

Mr. Luke Goody, Secretary of the Sunday Society, gave evidence for the prosecution. The Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Sir Richard Strong, said: "You, or your Society, originated this prosecution. But how do you know that the offence took place? Were you there?"

MR. GOODY: No, sir. On the Lord's Day I never leave my home. I read no newspapers. I allow the eating of no cooked food. I do not even answer the telephone, for this means labour on the Lord's Day.

SIR RICHARD: But if the unfortunate operator has to ring you three or four times, in vain, you have caused a lot more

labour on the Lord's Day. *(The witness did not reply.)* Very well. At first-hand you can tell me nothing about the offence. Is there anyone here who can tell us more?

WITNESS: Yes, sir, several of my workers were present.

SIR RICHARD: Let them be called.

MR. WAGWASH, of the Sunday Society, testified that the match took place as alleged.

SIR HUMPHREY BAISE *(for the defence, in cross-examination)*:

Can you swear that any payment was made by the spectators?

WITNESS: Yes.

SIR HUMPHREY: How do you know?

WITNESS: I entered through a turnstile and paid five shillings for admission.

SIR HUMPHREY: When was the entertainment concluded?

WITNESS: At 4 o'clock.

SIR HUMPHREY: How do you know?

WITNESS: I was there.

SIR HUMPHREY: So you were present from first to last?

Watching a football match? Do you think that is a proper way to spend the afternoon on the Lord's Day?

WITNESS: I was doing the Lord's work.

SIR HUMPHREY: The Court may have other opinions. This prosecution has been lodged by your Society under the Sunday Observance Act, 1781?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

SIR HUMPHREY: Are you familiar with the Act of 1677?

WITNESS: I have read it. It is rarely used. You have to get the consent in writing of the chief of police, two justices of the peace, or a stipendiary.

SIR HUMPHREY: A pity. Let me read what it says: "No tradesmen, artificers, workmen, labourers, or other persons whatsoever"—or *other persons whatsoever*, Mr. Wagwash—"shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereof (works of necessity or charity only excepted)." You are aware, Mr. Wagwash, that the defendant, and those who assisted him, were engaged in an act of charity?

WITNESS: So they say. But the stars don't give these exhibitions for charity. They do it to get themselves publicity, and in that way they are really working.

SIR HUMPHREY: So your Secretary said in one of the newspapers. Not a very charitable judgment: but I am glad to have had it repeated in open court. Now, Mr. Wagwash, you have been described by your Secretary as a "worker" for the Society. Is that correct?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

SIR HUMPHREY: Are you a paid worker?

WITNESS: Yes.

SIR HUMPHREY: You get an annual salary?

WITNESS: Yes.

SIR HUMPHREY: How much?

WITNESS: That's my business.

SIR HUMPHREY: Very well. Have you any other business?

WITNESS: Sir?



"Two . . . four . . . six . . . eight . . . who do we appreciate?"

SIR HUMPHREY: Any other regular employment?
 WITNESS: No.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Now, Mr. Wagwash, how would you describe your work?
 WITNESS: Well, sir, we are always on the watch—
 SIR HUMPHREY: For forthcoming breaches of the law?
 WITNESS: Yes, sir. We study the newspapers. We follow up reports from local sympathizers. We write warning letters to the promoters, and so on.
 SIR HUMPHREY: I see. And if these are not successful you attend the scene of the offence on Sunday, make notes, collect evidence, and so on?
 WITNESS: Yes, sir.
 SIR HUMPHREY: What made you act as you did last Sunday?
 WITNESS: Instructions from Mr. Goody, sir.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Just so. Now Mr. Wagwash, would it be fair to say that on the Sunday in question you were "doing or exercising worldly labour?"
 WITNESS: No, sir, it was labour for the Lord.
 SIR HUMPHREY: But you were paid for it?
 WITNESS: Clergymen are paid.
 SIR HUMPHREY: But you are not a clergyman. I do not doubt your sincerity, Mr. Wagwash. But you have chosen to earn money by this business of watching, protesting and, on the Lord's Day, spying.
 WITNESS (*hotly*): It's *not* spying.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Very well—collecting evidence. Would you agree that the earning of money—except perhaps by clergymen—was a "worldly" occupation?
 WITNESS: Not in this case. It depends on the motive.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Oh, does it? Then why are you so hot against the defendant, whose motive was charity?
 WITNESS: That's *different*.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Very well. You still don't agree that you were "doing worldly labour" on Sunday last?
 WITNESS: No.
 SIR HUMPHREY: But at least you will agree that, in the words of the Act of 1677, you were doing "work of your ordinary calling" on the Lord's Day?
 WITNESS: No.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Perhaps you don't understand the word "calling." In the dictionary I have here it is described as "trade, profession or vocation." Did you not tell the Court just now that you have no other "trade, profession, or vocation"?
 WITNESS: That is so.
 SIR HUMPHREY: Very well. Then this must be your "ordinary calling." But perhaps you rely on one of the exceptions. You would not suggest, I think, that your Sunday spying was a work of charity. Would you say that it was "a work of necessity"?
 WITNESS: Yes, sir. The law must be enforced.
 THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE: At last I agree. Sir Humphrey, we need not trouble you more. Your able questioning has made it clear to my mind that the evidence supporting the prosecution was obtained by unlawful means, and it is to that extent severely tainted. The late and celebrated Lord Darling said once that the right way to be rid of a bad law was not to ignore but to enforce it. As a salaried magistrate I am qualified to authorize a prosecution under the Act of 1677, and I shall do so now. Not the unfortunate Mr.



"We're surrounded!"

Wagwash only. I find repelling the picture of the first witness, Mr. Goody, sitting piously in his home on the Lord's Day, doing nothing, but sending his minions forth, to risk their souls, if no more, by this unpleasant, and, I believe, illegal espionage. He is at least an accessory before the act, and should appear with Wagwash and the other "workers" before this court this afternoon. As for the defendant Mortimer, I am bound to find him technically guilty, but he is unconditionally discharged.

Later to-day Goody, Wagwash and three others were found guilty of offences under the Act of 1677 and were fined 5s. each. The Society was ordered to pay the costs in all the prosecutions.

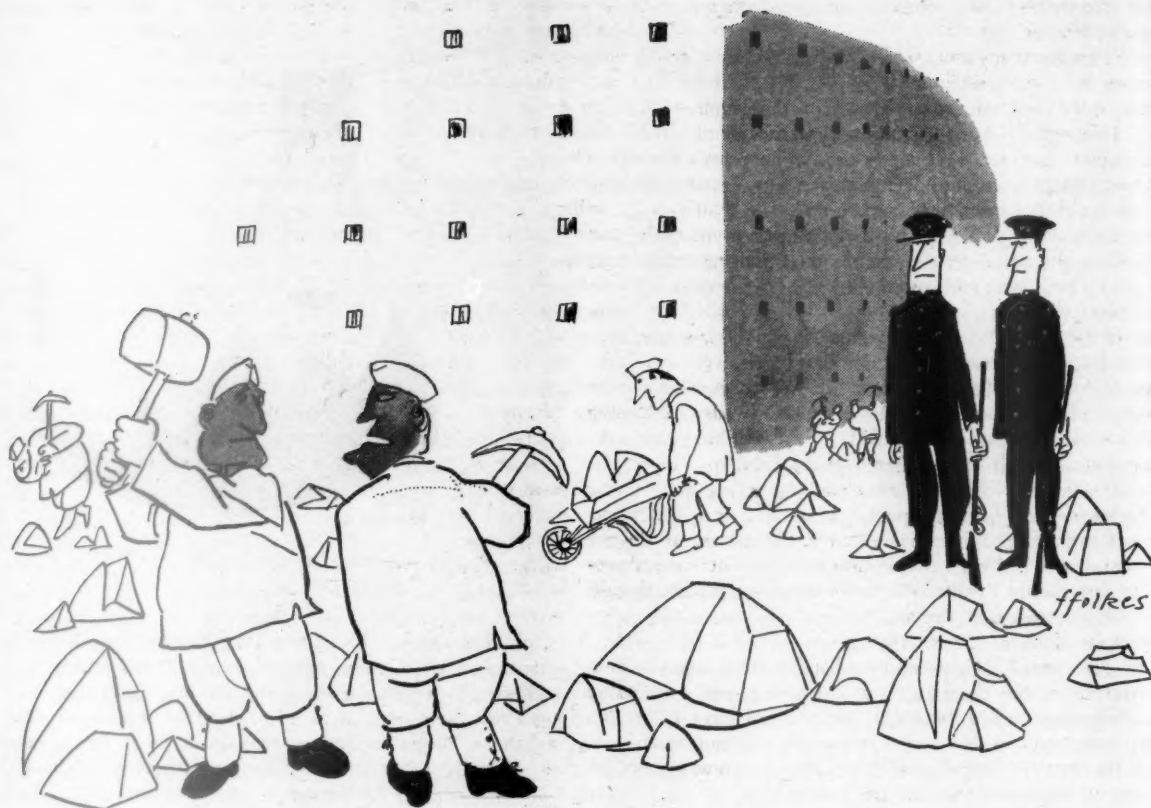
Interviewed, Mr. Goody said "It is a cruel dilemma. We must produce evidence. But if it is illegal to collect it, what are we to do?" "Don't pay them," a reporter suggested. But it is not certain that this precaution would be enough.

"Said the Old Codger"

WHEN Willie Yeats was in his prime,
Said the old codger,
 Heroic frenzy fired his verse:
 He scorned a poet who did not write
 As if he kept a sword upstairs.

Nowadays what do we find,
Said the old codger,
 In every bardlet's upper room?—
 Ash in the grate, a chill-proof vest,
 And a metronome.

— C. DAY LEWIS



"Ever notice how their eyes seem to be set close together?"

One Idea Only, Please

By H. F. ELLIS

I HAVE not yet submitted anything to Ideas Marketing Pool. But I have not been idle.

"YOUR brain is unique," say I.M.P. in their Explanatory Notes and Instructions, which reached my desk by a devious route, "because it has a combination of thoughts different from any other brain. Its factory section can produce entirely new, exciting, valuable Ideas which Industry, Commerce, Governments, Groups and Individuals badly need . . . and are willing to pay for." (The dots are theirs.) "You may already have a brilliantly worked out Idea or Ideas humming away in your mind just waiting to be noticed and admired and developed. This or these you can enter straight away. (ONE Idea ONLY per entry form, please.)"

The Idea that was humming away in the mind of whoever invented Ideas Marketing Pool was the admirable one of acting as a kind of middleman between people who have ideas and people who can use them. For a trifling fee I.M.P. Ltd. will examine and register your IDEA, DISCOVERY, INVENTION or FORMULA in their files and send you a Die-Stamped CERTIFICATE recording the fact. They further undertake "to bring this Registered Number and Brief Description to the notice of those in a position to Convert it into Practical Form," and to remit 75 per cent of all net monies received in connection therewith, though they naturally reserve the right to refuse to Register Ideas, etc., "which are contrary to the National Interest or

of 'a Frivolous, Obscene, Offensive nature, or in any other way unacceptable or undesirable."

It is hard for anyone who likes money or, failing that, Die-Stamped CERTIFICATES to resist such an invitation. What to do, though, if on examination it turns out that one has *not* got a brilliantly worked out Idea humming away in one's mind? The Explanatory Notes and Instructions are ready with the answer.

"Your brain is capable of much more than this. It can turn out as many Ideas as a calculator can turn out answers; and the procedure is exactly the same—you simply pose the problem.

"There are so many things which cry out for improvement. Look around you, about you, above you, below you.

Ask yourself—Who? What? Why? How? Where? When?

"Write down any and everything that comes to your mind however wild or crazy it may seem at the time.

"Take each thought and follow it to its logical conclusion, your standard always being . . . WILL IT WORK?"

So I did that. I looked around me, about me, above me and below me, and asked myself, for a start—Who? I saw a good many things that cried out for improvement around and about me. Above me I saw a thundering great crack in the ceiling, and below me I saw that my right shoe had split at a point midway between the toecap and the lacing. To the question Who? I answered Me, and I wrote down "Uncrackable ceilings and ditto shoes." This should have led to the more testing question Why?, but for some inexplicable reason the thought came into my mind that bread-and-butter would not fall on the carpet butter-side-down if the un-buttered side were the heavier. Following this thought to its logical conclusion I realized that the only way to achieve this would be to spread on the un-buttered side some substance heavier than the butter spread on the buttered side, but the only palatable substance I could think of was a thicker layer of butter.

This did not seem to me to be in the National interest. So I let that Idea go and simply wrote down, as instructed, any and everything that came into my mind, with results as follows:

Good ideas—How? Whence?

Often by happy accident, e.g. storing photographic plates near source of electrical discharge, watching cathedral roof-lamps swinging in breeze, being hit on head by apples, etc. Why not increase chances of accidental discovery by deliberately causing unlikely collocations, e.g. keeping mice on top of television set, hanging drip-dry shirts in strong magnetic field, etc.? What happens when boiling milk is struck by lightning?

Wet blotting paper stored near deposits of yeast might provide answer to chronic catarrh. Or vice versa. Smear mouldy fish-paste on diseased rose trees, however crazy it may seem at the time. Remember Fleming, Newton, Röntgen. Experiment, observe, note. Mix things together and wait. Put out bowls of mercury during

eclipses. Spill whisky on buckskin boots. The possibilities are endless.

Too much for one man? Need for combined effort, volunteers, organization. Query an Association of Idea Stimulators, pledged to bring about happy accidents? How? Where? When? By putting things between other things in cupboards, rolling up cheese or barometers in electric blankets, etc., and taking notes in leisure time. Of what? Anything significant. A roll of barbed wire left carelessly between two old car batteries may cause water to boil in an adjacent goldfish bowl. Note that. Nobody knows whether a pound of lentils accidentally dropped into a washing-machine half full of golden syrup may not lead to a substitute for string vests or cause 40 per cent less wear in hydraulic buffers. All exact knowledge is grist for the mill.

Members of the A.I.S. who observe Significant Results should send a Brief Report to me, preferably enclosing a small fee. Why? Because, if a feasible Idea occurs to me after reading the Report, I shall send it on to Ideas Marketing Pool and get 75 per cent of all net monies received in connection therewith. Originators of the Report acted upon may or may not receive a Handsome Notification on embossed paper. But I must obviously reserve the right to refuse to consider Reports of an Explosive, Unseemly or Odoriferous nature.

Such was the Idea that I worked out to its logical conclusion. That I have not yet sent it to I.M.P. Ltd. is in no

way due to a fear that they might regard it as Frivolous or Offensive. On the contrary, it is so clearly feasible that they would be bound to "bring it to the notice of those in a position to Convert it into Practical Form," and the whole basis of the Idea is that that means me. So back it would come to me for Development, and I.M.P. would find themselves in the extraordinary position of acting as middleman between me as Originator of the Idea and myself as User. I believe that this would lead to difficulties. I cannot, for instance, get clear in my mind who would pay 75 per cent of what to whom.

Perhaps some other Originator would care to provide the answer. I simply pose the problem.

The Levee

TO music I rise in the morning.
I look at my grey face,
I pull on my stockings,
in time with an orchestra.
Drugged by the fumes of sleep,
I am not aware
of its finer points,
of the strings' immaculate *pizzicatos*.
I could not be questioned,
I could not say if they had played
"Two-Way Stretch" or "Trees";
yet sometimes, in that dreary half-hour,
I am caught, transfixed, comb in hand,
by the sadness of a tune,
and my heart breaks with grief
before I can get in the hairpins.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM



"Psst! You're dragging again!"

COME TO BRITAIN by all means. But don't

be disappointed to find the spirits of Hardy and Cobbett
influenced by the spirit of Compromise. We do our best to keep
our thatch in repair and our chimneys twisty, but
beneath them are subtle signs that the tourist industry is not
enough. Look closely and you may see . . .



A strike notice being belled on local pumice-stone packers . . .



A 17th century lych-gate modified for industry . . .



A meeting of natural-gas shareholders in progress . . .



Cathode-tube-smiths busy under the spreading chestnut tree . . .



A local reactionary under traditional discipline . . .



Unsuspected depths beneath old Fred Burstow's forty-acre . . .



Merry juvenile labour engaged in armature-winding . . .



Yet, withal, a decent attempt to keep that old, unspoilt, rustic atmosphere that brought you here—thank you very much—in the first place.



1. Because It Isn't There

I THINK I should make it clear at the outset that when Mrs. Dyson abruptly laid down a Royal Marriage during a game of four-handed bézique one November evening three years ago in Dr. Chetwynd's front parlour in Streatham, peered across the table with a characteristically pugnacious expression, and asked me how I would like to push south from Sala through the impenetrable Logarre jungle and then turn left and try to reach the coast some six hundred miles below the port of Lo, I hardly knew the woman.

When I tell you further that I had never heard of any of the places she mentioned, and that Dr. Chetwynd had advised me only the previous week not to run up too many stairs at a time if I could avoid it, you will be astonished to learn that I instantly replied "Very much indeed" and made a note in my diary to meet her at Victoria Station on the following Thursday morning with a supply of open-necked shirts, two pairs of stout boots and something to keep specimens in.

But that is the kind of effect Mrs. Dyson is apt to have on people. I once saw her convert a tribe of fifth-generation headhunters from *m'groco** to iced tea with lemon in a single afternoon; and to watch her smuggling giraffe-necked women through the Liverpool customs is an education in tact and bombast.

Her reputation was already known to me on that evening in Streatham.

Which Englishman had not heard of the indomitable ex-botany mistress who gave up a life of ease and comfort at the age of fifty to ransack the far corners of the earth for rare plants, dwindling *fauna*, buried treasure, lost explorers, or colour films of the more recherché traditional native games? Her name was a byword. There was no outlandish job she would not tackle, provided it was far enough away and a publisher had guaranteed her a sale of at least fifty thousand copies of the book she would write about it, with photographs showing her being kissed by gibbons, tattooed by medicine men, or roasted over a slow fire by man-eating pygmies.

(I found later that the books are actually written by an elegant young man called Griffiths, who has never been further afield than St. Malo. He works from tape-recordings or rough memos scribbled on the spot by Mrs. Dyson. He is crazy about elephants, and will contrive to work them into the story whenever he possibly can. One of Mrs. Dyson's most popular works, *Among Bolivian Butterflies*, was practically on the way to the printers when somebody noticed that Chapter Seven contained a description of the intrepid lady being chased through the Mato Grosso by a herd of fear-maddened elephants. Luckily Rhoda, the publisher's secretary, found it possible to substitute a herd of fear-maddened ant-eaters at the very last moment, and the passage has become a classic in its field.)

Until I thought about it seriously it seemed to me that Mrs. Dyson's

suggestion offered the opportunity of a lifetime. Here at last, I thought, was my chance to get away from it all! For too long I had dozed in the humdrum shallows of civilization, wondering whether to change to filter-tips or become a Liberal. I must escape, while there were still new tribes to pester, new carnivores to classify, untamed prehistoric creatures to hide behind trees from in the uncharted corners of the globe! Why not, then, with Mrs. Dyson?

Unfortunately, by the time I had thought about it seriously it was too late, for I had sold my second-hand bookshop at an overall loss of twenty-three pounds and was standing in Victoria Station watching Mrs. Dyson march out of the Golden Arrow Bar with a dozen native bearers at her heels. "I never go anywhere without them," she said, bearing down upon me with an eight-foot harpoon under her arm. "I get them from Harrolds."

"What's this harpoon, then?" I said. "I thought we were going to push south from Sala through the impenetrable Logarre jungle, and then turn left and try to reach the coast some six hundred miles below the port of Lo?"

"Oh, rubbish," said Mrs. Dyson. "The plans are changed. Didn't you get my postcard? We're going to the Spanish Sahara to make a raft. Look sharp, now, and I'll fill you in with the details on the train."

Thus began one of the most daring ethnological and anthropogeographical investigations of our time, which proved among other things that plankton gives you a pain in the stomach unless you chew it, and which was subsequently made into a film. The task Mrs. Dyson had set herself was to explain once and for all the existence of those crude but unmistakable castanets on Anfodo, one of the smallest and at first glance certainly the most insignificant of the Cocos Islands, which lie in the Indian Ocean about midway between the Java Trench and the Cocos-Keeling Basin. The mysterious presence of these castanets, coupled with the fact that some of the island natives bear to this day a strong resemblance to a fisherman called Miguel from Cape St. Vincent, had led Mrs. Dyson to formulate a theory which was soon to capture the imagination of the whole western world.

"I want you to take your mind back,"

* There is a Glossary.



said Mrs. Dyson, as our train sped through Clapham, "to the Achæmenian Empire, with its viceroalties and its near neighbours, just prior to Xerxes' invasion of continental European Greece around 480 B.C. What was the situation? Pretty black, I need hardly tell you. Darius had established an oceanic line of communication between the Nile Basin, the Indus Basin and the Tigris-Euphrates Basin, as well as making a naval reconnaissance of Hellas. Carthage had erected a Wooden Curtain extending from Hermeros-Copium right down through Sicily into Libya. Everyone in Memphis knew about the Darius Ship Canal. The Cymri were on the point of swarming into Britain. Cære was an Etruscan colony, Hadrumetum and Sabraia were in the hands of the Phœnicians, and all manner of fly-by-

nights were tramping down the Scythian Trail from Mukallah to Tyre and Sidon. Byzantium and Chersonnesus were Greek. Are you with me?"

"Yes," I said.

"Very well, then. Now, in the face of all this, what do you think would be the natural reaction of the Portuguese?"

"Why," I cried, "it's obvious! They would make a raft and get away from it all! They would put to sea, hoping the Canary Current would carry them across the North-Eastern Atlantic Basin into the North Equatorial Current, and so *via* the Gulf Stream to a point on the coast of North Carolina!"

"Exactly. But obviously something went wrong with their calculations, and I think I know what it was. Therefore, my friend, you and I are going to make that historic voyage all over again. We

are going to prove that in fact the raft, starting from the Spanish Sahara coast in order to catch the Canary Current at its strongest, just about the Tropic of Cancer, was drawn by mistake down towards the North-Western Atlantic Basin, forced by the prevailing high winds across the track of the South Equatorial Current, caught up in the Brazil Current, carried down past the Falkland Islands, and so irretrievably swept into the northern edge of the West Wind Drift, which took it clean across the Indian Ocean. From a point about latitude 40° S., longitude 100° E., it was then picked up by the cold West Australian Current, rushed across the Tropic of Capricorn, and deposited safe and sound in the Cocos Islands—Miguel, castanets and all. Let me see now, we're just outside Woking. If I were you I'd put my feet up—we've quite a journey ahead of us."

Three days later, having made camp some two hundred miles south of Cape Bojador and paid off the native bearers, we began the task of constructing a raft of cork trees, lashing them together with strong rope. "I don't know how the Portuguese lashed them together," said Mrs. Dyson, "but I'm damned if I'll let a little thing like that stand in my way. You can easily land yourself in difficulties in an experiment of this sort if you carry your passion for historical accuracy too far. For one thing, I don't propose for one moment to dress up like a 500 B.C. Portuguese, and I don't expect you to, either."

As a result of this line of reasoning our equipment included a portable gramophone and two large tins of instant coffee. "If the Portuguese had had instant coffee you don't think they'd have been fools enough to leave it behind, do you?" said Mrs. Dyson. We also had harpoons, hot-water bottles, an anchor, a Skye terrier, a radio transmitter, knives, forks and spoons, an outboard motor to be fitted only in the direst need (it was washed away on the second afternoon), a paraffin stove, some eggs, and Mrs. Dyson's piano-accordeon. I never found out what was in all the crates and wicker baskets which were stacked in the living quarters (a kind of summer-house aft), but the presence of a framed reproduction of *A View of Delft* led me to the conclusion (subsequently confirmed) that Mrs. Dyson habitually took with her on her



"Really, mother! The B.B.C. bans violence for children and you go teaching them sadistic rubbish like 'Pussy's in the Well' and 'Three Blind Mice'."

trips as many of her earthly possessions as could conveniently be carried by somebody else.

I shall never forget the scene some twelve days later as we scrambled aboard the raft* and were pushed out into the current by sixty small boys in loin-cloths. It was raining slightly. Overhead the helicopters circled like huge birds as daring cameramen recorded our departure for posterity. The B.B.C. interviewers politely waved goodbye from the shelter of a group of palm trees. The I.T.N. interviewers waded out up to their brocade waist-coats, brandishing microphones for a last-minute message.

"Tell England," said Mrs. Dyson, "that the spirit of Raleigh and Frobisher lives on!"

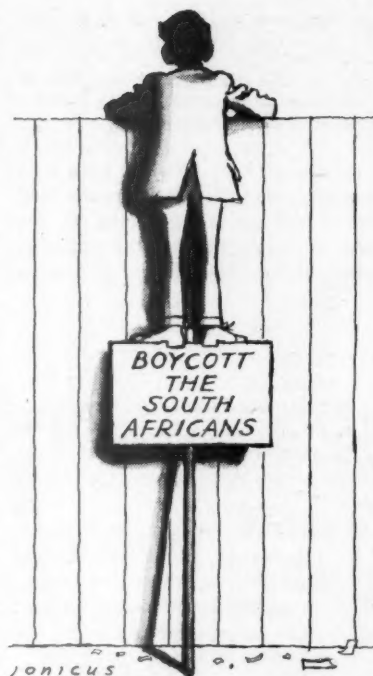
"Thank you, Mrs. Frobisher. And now, Mr. . . ."

But we were by this time heading out to sea at a speed of about a knot. Fireworks made a brave display along the shore. From the top of a minaret an enormous banner floated in the breeze: *The Ken Tuki Expedition Relies On Tylers' Tubeless Tyres—Why Don't You?* Out in the bay a motley flotilla of native craft raised oars or dipped tops'ls in salute—dhows, proas, sloops, galleys, coasters, junka, barquentines, sampans, feluccas, brigs, catamarans, coracles and what I took to be a skiff. In twenty minutes the coastline was but a misty blur behind us. Before us stretched the ocean. Above us gathered the storm clouds. Into the only easy chair in the summer-house flopped Mrs. Dyson, looking green. The great adventure had begun!

As I think of it now, I cannot help feeling that if Mrs. Dyson had not succumbed to seasickness at quite such an early stage in the proceedings, leaving me to do the cooking, mark our progress on the chart, exercise the dog, deal with sharks, and carry out various scientific experiments for the benefit and enlightenment of the Royal Society, *The Lancet*, the Astronomer-Royal and a man in Northampton who had invented a foolproof unsinkable rubber duck with a self-rotating propeller, things might have turned out differently. As it was, we were washed ashore about a fortnight later on a deserted stretch of

beach between Ynysdeullyn and Penclegyr; and when Mrs. Dyson, soaked to the skin and holding out a few strings of brightly coloured beads, knocked at the door of the nearest cottage and asked in halting Portuguese if the chief or one of his warriors would take us to the place of the castanets I was surprised that we got away with our lives. In point of fact we only just caught the last train to Swansea, and it stopped at every station.

I am often asked whether I consider the great Anfodo Expedition to have been worth the trouble, since it did not, on the face of it, seem to throw much light on the castanets whose presence on that far-off island had baffled mankind for over eight years; and I never have any hesitation in replying that for me it was worth every moment. For one thing, I had not previously had an opportunity to see the wild beauty of Wales. For another thing, the voyage itself was crammed with dramatic incident. There was the fight with the giant squid, which came aboard at midday on the Tuesday and led Mrs. Dyson a merry dance before she managed to fling herself on it and tie its legs together, when it proved to be a lot of seaweed. There were those idyllic evenings while we lay becalmed off Ilfracombe and Mrs. Dyson, now convalescent, brought her armchair out on deck and played some of Ketèlbj's works on the piano-accordeon. There were nights of fearful tempest, when the waves broke over our frail craft like liquid mountains and we couldn't get the stove going for love or money. There were the arguments about the proper way to read the compass, the fruitless search for the Book of Instructions that came with the radio transmitter, and Mrs. Dyson's exciting discovery that we had forgotten to bring a rudder. There was the pleasure steamer that pulled up alongside while its passengers took snaps and tossed us pieces of ham roll. There was the fascinating experiment conducted by Mrs. Dyson on the fifth day, when she threw me overboard on the end of a rope to prove that barracuda will not deliberately attack a drowning man except in cases of extreme hunger. There were the playful dolphins, the wonder of phosphorescence glowing on our pilchards as we turned them out of the tin, the feeling of being free at last



from the evergrowing tedium of city life . . .

And of course there was our encounter with the fearful *cupressus macrocarpa*—that fabled monster of the deep about whose existence terrified mariners have hinted ever since mediaeval times, but of whose actual appearance or behaviour no authentic record was available until Mrs. Dyson's article in last July's *Science is Fun*. I cannot do better than quote from the article:

Contrary to popular belief the *cupressus macrocarpa*, or two-toed sea monster, does not noticeably suckle its young and only has six humps. The specimen which attempted to overturn our raft on November 30 was approximately fifty yards long when fully unfurled, and rather thin. Its tongue was dusty. Its hide was encrusted with limpets or something, and its head seemed to be on upside-down. When my assistant tickled it behind the ears (he is by nature foolhardy* and was suffering from the effects of over-exposure) it made snuffling noises and tried to bite his leg off. It would not look at worms, but appeared to like bread and butter. It propelled itself along just below the surface by wagging its feet about. It didn't seem to have any friends. On the second day of its visit, while

* This is an exaggeration.

* Mrs. Dyson had whimsically christened it the Ken Tuki, her maternal grandmother having been born in the U.S.A.

trying to eat the port side of the raft, it got a cork tree stuck in its throat and went away. Before that we were able to take flashlight photographs of the monster in eleven different poses, but they didn't come out.

I must say I am proud to have been associated with this investigation into one of the age-old mysteries of the deep. As to the riddle of the castanets, I am able to add a happy postscript.

The solution came, to Mrs. Dyson's deep gratification, just over a week after our return, when a sailor in Walton wrote to tell us that he had left the castanets behind by mistake when his schooner put in to Antodo for water some ten years ago. He had bought them second-hand in Brazil as a present for his sister. With regard to Miguel, probably the less said about him the better.

Next Week: A Gorilla on My Knee

GLOSSARY

Royal Marriage	K & Q of trumps
Dr. Chetwynd	a mutual friend
m'groco	a drink made from fermented hats
St. Malo	a French resort
civilization	a colloquialism for the south of England
Byzantium	Istanbul
A View of Delft	a painting by Vermeer
knot	a nautical mile per hour
sloop	a one-masted cutter-rigged vessel
pitchards	sea fish

Apology to a Dark Lady

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

"IMAGINE our joy," writes this girl visitor from Ceylon in the British Travel Association's magazine, "in finding a gardener at Melrose Abbey who reeled off verses from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*."

Let others imagine it, dear young lady. I don't have to, because I was there. And pretty ashamed of myself I felt as I straightened up from the wall-flowers with a practised grunt and went into my "Nine-and-twenty yeoman tall . . ." It gave me quite a pang, the rapturous way you clasped your delicate, dusky hands. I wanted to tell you I was a phony there and then, but the Association's casting director happened to be passing.

I didn't mind so much with the Americans, with their "How's that again?" and "Nine-and-twenty what, did he say, Brad?" They like their tradition spread thick, and I'd fake them a swan-upping any place, any time. In

fact only last year, when the Association hired me as an ostler at the "Cheshire Cheese," I hadn't a qualm over selling tape-recordings of Dr. Johnson to a party of ladies from Detroit. But you were different. As a graduate of Colombo University you knew what I was talking about. Why, when I fumbled "Breathes there the man with soul so dead, Who never thingummy I always forget this bit," you even prompted me. Very different from that surgical stocking magnate in the ten-gallon hat: when I gave him the old

*O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child*

he turned round with his hand out to meet the nurse.

So I'd like you to know how it happened, and to say, for a start, that reeling off *The Lay* at Melrose, in three waistcoats and a muckstained trilby, was nothing to what I might have taken on if I'd been altogether unscrupulous. Their first suggestion was a job going round outside selected hotels by night shouting "Bring out your dead!" I wouldn't touch it. I told the casting director, "You'll be asking me to get into a mob cap and patrol Drury Lane selling oranges next," but he said they'd already got someone doing that.

I told him I only wanted to be a guide. I was perfectly prepared to mug up the history of York Minster, and even carry a bit of string representing the girth of the biggest pillar in the nave. What about Tintern Abbey, I said, with a script telling the tourists

what it looked like before it had so many bits missing?

"How's your Wordsworth?" said the Association's man.

"Thou still unravish'd bride . . ."

"Wordsworth, Wordsworth. And if I'd said Keats I wouldn't have recommended that line. You get a lot of Women's Clubs from the Middle West, remember."

He was a shrewd little man, and well-read, if small-featured and on the feline side. I gave him a bit of "Earth has not anything to show."

"You'd like to work there?"

"Where?"

"Westminster Bridge. When I asked for Wordsworth I was thinking of *Lines Above Tintern*, naturally. But if you prefer the Bridge we could hang you in a painter's cradle. When you hear foreign voices you pop above the parapet and reel off 'This City now doth like a garment.' Mind you, there's a lot of smoke from tugs."

He was beginning to fidget a bit by this time, riffling through photographs of the "Prospect of Whitby" and Luton Hoo, hand-outs on the dollar gap, brochures with covering letters headed Woburn Abbey, portraits of actors dressed as Fagin and Micawber.

"I don't know about reel off," I said.

"That's up to you," he said, tearing up some colour proofs of Queen's Watermen. "It's no good having to keep on referring to the collected works. Tourists who've paid five bob to go in, half a guinea for a pamphlet on the Long Library, and one-and-six for a cup of tea slopped over them in the Norman



crypt look for a bit of spontaneity when the sexton finally shambles up and sounds off with 'The curfew tolls'."

"Where are we now," I said—"Stoke Poges or Blenheim?"

He looked at his watch and said "Doggett's Coat and Badge."

"Pardon?"

"Just something I'm working on. I suppose you can't row?"

"Punt," I said. "I know Cambridge. 'Great clouds along pacific skies, And men and women with straight eyes'."

"Rupert Brooke's out," he said. "We had a man on the Cam last year, and by the time he'd told half the tourist trade to watch out for men who were urban, squat and packed with guile we had nothing but delegations from the Rural District Council. Not to mention the M.O.H. getting us to deny that the river was thrilling-sweet and rotten." He coughed. "Besides, my wife was a Ditton girl, and it's not true what they say."

There was a pause, and I can't think what put the lines in my head. But I found myself saying them, for the first time since School Certificate English:

*"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day..."*

His face lit up and he snapped his fingers.

"You know the whole thing?"

"The harp, his sole remaining joy—"

"All right, all right. Head gardener, Melrose Abbey. To start Monday. Sign here, and I'll send you straight down to Wardrobe."

So I signed. I told him I didn't know anything about gardening, but he said it was the Walter Scott that mattered.

And that's the whole story. Or almost. It didn't last long. I suppose it was about two days after your visit that I got the sack. It wouldn't have mattered if the small-featured man hadn't been on another tour of inspection, and just caught me spouting to a party of wealthy Italians:

*"If thou would'st view fair Melrose
aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey..."*

He took me aside.



"0-0833 recurring of a shilling for your thoughts, ma."

"You damned fool," he said. "You'll have them all coming after dark, when there's no one on duty to take the money."

And he gave me mine, which, I may say, fell considerably below the scheduled Equity figure.

☆

"My visit to Baltimore, the birthplace and former home of the famous Wallis Warfield Simpson, brought to my mind an amusing incident that happened just before her marriage to the Duke of Windsor. We were both in Paris staying at the Hotel Ritz—she, shopping for her trousseau and I, buying new French fabrics. As I was travelling with my husband, I was registered as Mrs. W. W. Simpson and she was too! (in private life I am Mrs. Wesley William Simpson). Naturally, the messages were confused (as only French telephone operators can mix things up) and as a result, Wallis Warfield Simpson got calls about new French fabrics and..."

—From an advertisement in the New Yorker

Let's see, who's she in private life?

Thimblurig

TO-DAY I bought a thimble;
Its price was one and three.
That tinkling Freudian symbol
Seemed deuced dear to me.

It weighed less than one penny—
Indeed, I would have guessed
That from a penny many
Such thimbles might be pressed.

Were I with fingers nimble
To take a penny piece
And forge from it a thimble
I fear that the police

Would very soon start chasing
Me from my native clime
Where, curiously, defacing
The coinage is a crime.

— E. V. MILNER

Westminster Barry

By R. G. G. PRICE



A hundred years ago died Sir Charles Barry, the ebullient but badgered architect of the Houses of Parliament

THE old Parliament buildings had been burned down in 1834 when the tally-sticks, the wooden receipts previously employed by the Exchequer, were used to stoke, and over-stoke, the furnaces. A visitor who was being taken round the House of Lords by the housekeeper complained that he could not see the throne or the tapestries for smoke and could feel the heat of the floor through his boots. However, the housekeeper was one of those imperturbable housekeepers who have done so much to form the character of the British gentry and she firmly retired to her room until, some time later, she was informed that the flames had got a good hold on the building. Happy crowds gathered and, in the famous phrase, "the progress of the fire afforded a *tableau vivant* of not inferior interest." (When a century later, the Crystal Palace on Sydenham Hill was burned down, the crowd booed the firemen.)

A Select Committee on rebuilding decided that the style of the new Palace of Westminster was to be Elizabethan or Gothic, a landmark in the change from Classical to Mediaeval as the style of the Establishment. It also broke with convention by ignoring the Surveyor-General and holding an open competition. Only five months were allowed to complete the entries. The winner was Barry, a rising architect whose best work had been Classical or Italianate, as in the Travellers' Club in Pall Mall. (His father was a stationer who had what sounds the arduous

responsibility of providing stationery for the Stationery Office.)

Barry employed the Gothic enthusiast Pugin to do many of the drawings and elevations for him. His son and Pugin's son later conducted a public controversy on whose the Houses of Parliament really were. Some of the evidence was a series of letters from Barry to Pugin but on Pugin's death Barry invited his son to dinner and asked him to bring the letters for him to look at. The young man left after a pleasant evening and did not like to ask for the letters back. They were never seen again. However, Pugin himself, who ought to have known, said "The plan was Barry's."

Pugin did not approve of the building. He was a fanatic for religious art, for purifying Protestant Britain through Catholic architecture, and Barry was only too obviously Unsound. Pugin said severely that the Houses of Parliament were "All Grecian. Tudor details on a classic body." He slaved away doing his best for the Right by designing Gothic vaultings and Wardour Street hat-stands; but he felt a great chance had been thrown away. Barry was much less emotional. He would have preferred something more Mediterranean but he did what he was told and designed what he assumed to be the kind of thing Edward II might have commissioned. The building is not successful pastiche because it imitates a quite imaginary architectural past. It is something much more interesting, something unintentionally original. It

is a masterpiece of Gothic-Revival Gothic.

Barry's success in the competition produced an outburst that was unsporting but, on the other hand, showed that refusal to admit defeat which is praised by connoisseurs of national character. A number of the defeated candidates formed a kind of *Salon des Refusés*. The war that followed produced the Baconian suggestion that the winning design had been made by the Chairman of the Commission and signed by Barry. It also produced a number of pamphlets including one called *Strictures on Architectural Monstrosities* and a claim, from a keen classicist, that Westminster Abbey was "a noxious weed."

Barry was tough and self-reliant and instead of wasting time hitting back he got to work, pouring out requests for details to the indefatigable, if disapproving, Pugin. Mr. Trappes-Lomax, Pugin's biographer, says "The trouble was that Barry had hired a ghost and found a collaborator." The first impression of the Palace is always of its fantastic richness of detail and hence of Pugin's work. The scale and proportions and originality of the structure, Barry's work, impress more slowly.

Barry built a great dam, slicing a piece off the river without mentioning it to the Thames Conservancy and, after a few years without much to show for them, the foundation stone was laid. One of the difficulties was that the site had to be cleared and built on piecemeal. The Courts and the offices and Parliament itself insisted on behaving as far as possible as though they had not noticed the vast changes in their environment. The tendency to regard Barry as a nuisance, as a workman who could be told to go away and do a bit somewhere else, rather than as an artist or even as a great public servant is illustrated by the casual way in which Parliament hired a Dr. Reid as heating consultant. He had invented a method of using gigantic flues, the tops of which Barry was ordered to battlement, and its ingenuity greatly appealed to the scientifically minded legislators. It was an age of projectors. They did not mind that the scheme would cost £100,000 to install nor did they think of consulting the architect, although

Dr. Reid required one-third of the total cubic space of the building. Barry was merely told to fit Dr. Reid's heating system in.

A committee under the Prince Consort, as what committee of the period was not, was established to use the opportunity for the promotion of the fine arts. It was decided to embellish every available surface with representations in paint and marble of persons, incidents and virtues connected with British history. Barry was not a member of the committee and no account was taken of what effect all this detachable art would have on his carefully planned vistas and surprises. His one suggestion in this field, to convert Westminster Hall into what his son describes as a "British Walhalla," was turned down. At first the committee's historical pageant distracted attention from the merits of the

building. To-day one averts one's eyes and Barry comes into his own, wholehearted and cheerfully grandiose. His steadfast urge, Mr. James Pope-Hennessy has said, "was to impress (if not to subdue?) the Public by the grandeur of their Parliament House." A competition was announced for decorations and an exhibition held of cartoons received. *Punch*, then bitterly hostile to the Government, printed its own entries and hence the word "cartoon" developed from meaning sketches for tapestries or murals to meaning a satirical, political drawing (and now seems to mean a humorous drawing of any kind).

Interference with the architect was continual. The Commission announced that supervision was necessary to "prevent over-confidence, negligence or inattention on the architect's part." They also pointed out that with Gothic

there was always a danger of expensive embellishment; however, the thirteen interior courts would not all require decoration as many of them would be seen only by M.P.s. At one point the Commissioners wanted every single detail put out to separate competition. In 1844 the House of Lords set up a Committee of Inquiry into the progress of the rebuilding which censured Barry for making changes of detail from his original plan, though he pointed out these had been forced on him by the Board of Works, a mysterious Government office which in the course of the long-drawn proceedings seems to have changed its name from the Board of Woods and Forests.

The Commons, jealous that the Lords alone should have the right of harrying the architect, set up their own Commission. In 1848, thirteen years after Barry was first appointed, a proud,



"But most people are such awful bores until they're unfit to drive."

excited competition-winner with the world at his feet, yet another body was set up to superintend him; but as its decisions were subject to the Treasury and the Board of Works it got little done and it was, of the various committees Barry had to contend with, the doucest. The sad story of his sufferings over the Clock was detailed in *Punch* on May 27 1959 by A.P.H. and it would be unnecessarily harrowing to recapitulate them. The Commons during the rebuilding had found themselves so comfortable in their temporary quarters that when they had to move into their new home they sulked and complained about the acoustics and insisted that the ceiling should be lowered, thus ruining Barry's design. He never willingly entered the Chamber again.

For over twenty years Barry tried to persuade the Government to pay him on some comprehensible basis, and to pay him soon. One of his letters to the Treasury received no reply for five years. The Government tried to make him take £25,000 down, to cover all the work done in his office and all the redesigning necessitated by the ever-changing fancies of his hydra-headed employers. Then there followed a curious correspondence about what percentage had been paid to previous architects of public buildings, the Treasury producing three-percenters and Barry five-percenters. The fight went on till his death, though his son, who took over from him, got his five per cent without difficulty.

As a young man Barry had spent three years on a grand architectural tour, in the course of which he developed a taste for "the sombre solemnity of a Turkish burying-ground." If there was any vestige of this influence left by the time he planned the Palace of Westminster it was quite overwhelmed.

Barry liked gilt. In the House of Lords, which he regarded primarily as the Sovereign's Chamber, he let himself go. Perhaps it is the union of mock-Gothic detail, even in desk-calendars, vaguely ecclesiastical stonework and exuberant gilding that gives the Houses of Parliament their extraordinary flavour. The building is so familiar that we accept its peculiarities as inevitable and vaguely feel they are normal for a legislative assembly; but it is far nearer to the great Victorian railway stations than to either the mediæval palace it succeeded or to the circular, porticoed legislatures of other countries. That it has won not only affection but respect is a posthumous triumph over the Peers and Members and rival architects who nearly, but never completely, downed its builder.

When debate in the Chamber flags, ministers and back benchers and officials and pressmen can wander about the long corridors, past great expanses of carved masonry, and look down into a wild profusion of courtyards and see London and the Palace itself from new and exciting angles as they set their watches by Big Ben without the intervention of radio. They can feel themselves now in Gormenghast and now in Kane's Xanadu and now simply in the *reductio ad demetiam* of British official art. It is odd that Church, State and railway companies provided the most original architecture of nineteenth century Britain, commerce and industry the least. Barry's career shows public enterprise at its best and its worst. I am not sure what lessons the occupants of his building ought to be drawing from it.

The Leave House

By DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

"JUST a tumble-down old ruin," said the landlord, disarming and frank. He had hair like an uncombed coconut, trousers of cracked corrugated cardboard and an off-blue shirt, frayed open at the neck. He gestured widely. After a week of tramping through teeny concrete bungalows with weeny concrete yards, we embraced the big shuttered sitting-room with its long cane chairs and view of endless unkempt garden as our own.

He led us round, charmingly honest about the snags, but as proud of each as a lover might be of his mistress's crooked eyebrow or whimsical temper.

"Only cold water in the bathroom,

I'm afraid," he said with his shy smile, and we despised all sybarites who pampered themselves with hot. The wave of his hand which showed us where the roof leaked had poetry in it. "A rat or two; and the cockroaches haven't quite gone . . . but what can you expect in these old houses?"

His smile was endearing and hypnotic. We agreed. We agreed to everything, even to paying the rent in advance, and to his proposal to leave "a few things" stored away. This, we discovered later, meant that every cupboard held a generous supply of his clothes and paper-backed books, and the tops of the wardrobes were piled dustily with



gramophone records, squash rackets, a clock with a glass dome, a violin case and a pair of carpet slippers.

His maths were as vague as his manner. He kept adding up the rent on his fingers—so much for telephone, refrigerator, and something nebulously called "effects"—as he sat across the arms of his chair, dangling a limp sandal; and every time he did it, it came out more. When we found a pencil and paper it came out much, much less, and his face fell.

"I got it up to twice that before," he said, "but that was with the Hi Fi. You don't want the Hi Fi?" We didn't want the Hi Fi. We wanted only to sit on long chairs and drink long drinks, and have peace.

So we took it. And for exactly four days we sat on long chairs and drank iced drinks and looked out at the quiet green garden, and congratulated ourselves.

On the fifth day a lorry-load of men drove up and took the tiles off the roof. Men with gold teeth and blowlamps removed the paint. More men with black teeth and chisels chipped away the paint the blowlamps had left. They sounded like rats gnawing at a hole, or a dentist chivvying the same tooth.

Within a week we were dragging out existence in the wreck of a house. We stumbled among sheeted furniture, shouting at one another through the hammering din. At night we scrubbed away the filth of the day—in cold water.

On some days the sun glared through the verandas where the men had taken down the blinds. On others it rained, strong tropical stuff like slanting steel rods, and the roof leaked in thirty-five places besides the one the landlord had shown us.

The painters were jolly, happy men. They smoked quantities of cigarettes and drank quarts of coffee. Soon the



THEN AS NOW

One doubts if Mr. Diefenbaker would feel at home there in the fifth rank on the left—though Lord Beaverbrook might.



"MY BOYS!"

February 28, 1885

lawn was patterned with old cigarette packets and the bushes blossomed with empty milk tins. They also sang while they worked, sing-song Chinese Goon-tunes or gems from *Gigi*, but the full beauty of their performance was lost in the fierce roar of blowlamps.

We had the house for eight weeks. The painters were there for seven. One morning the landlord drifted back, looking dreamily smarter in a pale silk shirt which flopped about him and trousers made of tan sailcloth. His hair seemed flatter, and his sandals were new and Italian.

"And the house?" he said. "Didn't you love it?" he asked with his shy nice smile. A *nonne* question, unflinchingly expecting the answer yes.

His gaze caressed every pillar, ran over the shutters with their just-dry paint, approved the new red tiles and returned lovingly by way of the brilliant front door. It met ours with all the innocence of the truly unworldly.

"Just a tumble-down old ruin," we said, and we meant it.

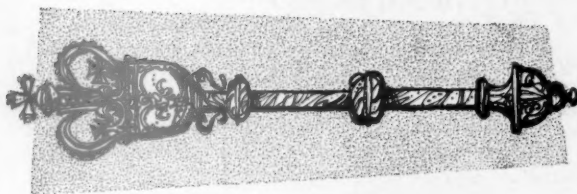
Phonetics

SILKEN dandy, tattered boggart,
Both alike are fed on yoghourt;
British guardsman, Roman cohort,
P.B.I.—all march on yoghourt;
Mad Maecenas endow art,
Fortified by stoups of yoghourt;
Dainty debs, petite and pert,
Owe their vigour to yoghourt;
Frenzied Frenchmen say, *tout court*,
Parle-moi de—ce yoghourt;
Jan, from Wildebeestepoort,
Trains throughout the year on yoghourt;
Boxers going for a knock-out
Thank their lucky stars for yoghourt;
Polly Peachum, Lucy Lockit,
Shared Macheath—and also yoghourt;
Colclough and Colquhoun and Urquhart
Naturally take to yoghourt;
To the spider, Mistress Muffet
Left her lovely bowl of yoghourt . . .

Too intractable for words:
Best perhaps to call it *curds*.

— G. E. WALKER

Essence



of Parliament

MR. HENRY BROOKE has come through his testing period. There was a time when he was stormed at with shot and shell both from in front and behind, but he has gone quietly on building houses, refuting indeed the gentleman in Oklohoma who claimed that

**Buckshot in
Your Trousers**

"you can't build houses
with buckshot in your trousers,"

and on Monday he had little difficulty in riding off the Socialist attack on his record, but his English, alas, is not equal to his courage, and to claim that his "problem was a hard nut to tackle" was a curious metaphor.

There is no pleasing people when money is to be doled out. The doctors, with their dislike of merit payments, have even set what Dr. Johnson justly claims to be a record by making

**Finance and
All That**

a song and dance about the insult of being
offered public money, and the Second Reading
of the Finance Bill is not at the best of

times an exciting occasion. We have already heard all the news in the Budget and we are waiting for the arguments for Committee. The Second Reading of the Finance Bill is betwixt and between, and indeed some of the champions of procedural reform have suggested that it might be cut out altogether. Mr. Amory did not do much to liven it up. The main issue that it raised was that of the dangerous device of taxing people on their motives, and Mr. Grimond was just raising an interesting little debate on that when in jumped the incorrigible and admirable Dame Irene Ward, determined that knockabout will out even in a Finance Bill, and attacked the two bachelors on the Treasury Bench—the Chancellor and Sir Edward Boyle—for their callous hardheartedness to spinsters. The Chancellor, who is sometimes better at the non-speaking jokes, ducked in mock humility and pretended to crawl out of the Chamber. Dame Irene is not the first politician in history to save a Government by attacking it, and there was no need of any further serious debate.

By Tuesday Mr. Yates, of Wrekin, was an angry man. On Monday the Speaker had not allowed him to change the subject of his adjournment in order to discuss Cyprus, so on

**The Bar of
the House**

Tuesday he tried to get a special adjournment for that purpose. The Speaker refused to accept it. The Speaker did not give the

reasons for his refusal, but one would imagine that it was because the breakdown of negotiations was not definite enough to come within the Standing Order. Mr. Yates then popped up before the Speaker could stop him and regretted that the right of impeachment had fallen into desuetude. Whom he wished to impeach—whether the Foreign Secretary, or Mr. Julian Amery or, it may be, the Speaker himself—and why impeachment would have suited better than a vote of censure was not clear; unless indeed he wanted to round it all off by cutting off the offender's head. Mr. Yates has about him something of the manner of a near-executioner. One could imagine

him getting right up to the block, but then, as he raised the axe, that uneasy nervous smile would come over his face and, one feels, he would hobble shamefacedly off the scaffold.

Mr. Emrys Hughes has not had quite as good a week as usual. "The honourable Member," Mr. Orr-Ewing told him on Wednesday, "believes that by repeating a figure he will be

**And
Emrys Hughes**

able to make it appear accurate and believable." Humpty-Dumpty, it will be remembered, believed much the same, and

it did him little good when all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put him together again. On Thursday, while the Guards' Band was playing with bizarre appropriateness "For God's sake get me to the church on time," Mr. Hughes was trying to add still further to Friday's inevitable confusion by pleading that the House should be allowed to meet to discuss Scottish unemployment. For once his fireworks did not fire, Humpty-Dumpty had his great fall and the House was bored, preferring even to give its mind to the uninspiring Report stage of the Betting and Gambling Bill, and to debate with Colonel Wigg the nice metaphysical point: How can a street runner be a street runner when he does not run and he is not in the street? Others considered with Mr. Driberg the probability of citizens of Lancashire going to the Isle of Man to get themselves flogged if the Home Secretary did not come down firmly on the legislation of the Tynwald. At eleven o'clock the *Hansard* reporters said that not even Mr. Mellish's jokes could get them through the crowds to the printers and the House adjourned.

The Lords also had their fun. On Tuesday they tried their hands to see if they made more sense of the Blue Streak controversy than had the Commons. I took in with me a great

**Fun in
the Lords**

pad to write down such observations of
their Lordships as might seem to me to
be open to question, but I regret that

long before the end I had run out of paper. The main interest was in the speech of Lord Hailsham, and he certainly made a better case for the Government's goings-on than had any of their spokesmen in the Commons. Yet there was perhaps more ingenuity than conviction on some of his points. Blue Streak, he told us, might yet lead us to enormously exciting scientific discoveries—to discoveries which he compared to that of the telescope. But the telescope was not first invented as a cannon and then turned into a telescope when they found that the cannon would not work.

On Wednesday their Lordships turned from death in the air to death on the roads. There was only one lord who seemed to know quite clearly what he wanted to say, and what he said had not, as Lord Chesham truly complained, any direct bearing on the solution of the problem. That uninhibited lord was Lord Morrison of Lambeth, and what he had come to say was that he did not like Mr. Marples. He did not like Mr. Marples because he was an advertiser. Mr. Marples had better not go in for film writing because it is clear that Lord Morrison not only does not like him but does not like him one little bit. No doubt by the end of the day Mr. Marples reciprocated the emotion. The Bishop of Leicester said that if all the bishops in England were laid end to end it would be found that they motored a million miles every year. But unless one counted that as an idea the debate did not produce much in the way of new ideas—indeed to be precise only one, and that was certainly untrue. Lord Chesham suggested that the drunken pedestrian was as much responsible for road accidents as was the drunken motorist. That way lies madness. "The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English roads" and, poor soul, he has his faults, but anyone who says that he is as responsible for accidents as the motorists will say anything.

—PERCY SOMERSET

In the City



The New Gadgets

THE City has been looking somewhat askance at the new gimmicks the Chancellor has introduced in his attempts to calm down the economy. The return of hire purchase restrictions cannot, however, be seriously resented or faulted. The fault lay in their complete removal in 1958. The subsequent free-for-all unquestionably led to some abuses. These have been two-edged, hurting borrower and lender. The "no-deposit-and-name-your-own-repayment-terms" rule has offered too great a temptation to the foolish, the irresponsible and the plain dishonest. Some of the smaller h.p. traders and their finance houses who have tried to boost their business by rash extension of credit have experienced the kind of golden glow that burns fingers.

No one has given the new regulations a greater welcome than the larger, solid and conservative finance houses of the United Dominions Trust, Lombard Banking type. The new terms can hurt no genuine business and firms like Radiation, Hoover and A.E.I. (in their Hot Point household goods division), whose business admittedly relies to some extent on h.p. credit, are unlikely to lose. If fears of such loss unduly affect the market in their shares the signal to invest in them will have struck.

The other gadget marked "special deposit" is much more questionable. It introduces an element of statutory compulsion in the realm of credit control which in Britain has hitherto been well governed by more informal, empirical methods. To direct the banks to redeposit part of their funds in special deposits with the Bank of England is to try to pull a rug discreetly over the nasty inflationary mess created by the Government's inability to cut down its own expenditure. This kind of monkeying with economic controls must ultimately meet its own retribution.

To put the squeeze on private credit because public expenditure is running amok is galling to all concerned and

comes very painfully from this Government and this Chancellor. Mr. Amory has tried to meet his critics half way by promising amends and assuring the House that he is not neglecting the importance "of applying the same more rigorous standards to the public sector." Fine words; let the deeds follow, and let there be no cheers until they do.

Markets have taken their cue from the promise of tighter credit and also from the prevailing despondency in Wall Street. Beneath the easily disturbed surface waters of the Stock Exchange trade and industry are proceeding on their way with every evidence of confidence and continued expansion. Look for example at the machine tools industry which until recently was regarded as one of the few exceptions to the rule of a booming Britain. The latest figures published by the industry show that its deliveries are 36 per cent up on last year, exports have risen by 55 per cent and the order book, especially that for export orders,

is steadily lengthening. This is the best indication that the recovery in trade has ceased to be primarily a consumer boom and that it is stretching well into the capital goods industries. Firms such as Alfred Herbert, B.S.A., Craven Brothers and Wolf Tools must be reaping part of this greatly increased activity. Their shares have fallen with the rest of industrial equities and are now valued on a reasonable yield basis.

Finally a word of praise for that part of the public sector which is run with all the verve of private enterprise, namely the National Savings Movement. It has just celebrated the attainment of a £7,000 million holding of Government securities by the "small investors" for which it caters. What would Mr. Amory do without his Lord Mackintosh? The Chancellor has acknowledged his debt by a general improvement of the terms on which these very large small-savings are collected. More records appear to be in sight.

— LOMBARD LANE



In the Country

Fringe Area

WE live in an area that is not so much suburban as subrural. It is a dormitory area; but there are farms and a cattle-market and vestigial woodland. Such drive as there is towards suburbanization comes from the agricultural world. The farmers on their way to the West End for the evening cross with the commuters rushing down, agog to sniff the country air on the platform and to get home and change. Some of the most ostentatiously agricultural clothing you ever saw is worn by stockbrokers. If their actual acreage is small, half of it will still be covered with sheds and ponies and job lots bought at farm sales. On Sunday mornings, if you loiter by hedges, you can hear clipped, Throgmorton Street voices talking of cash crops and silage and water tables and the County Pest Officer.

The names of houses are changed discreetly back to alleged originals linking them with the pastoral period before

the London line was electrified. "Ventnor" becomes "The Malthouse," "Jalalabad" "Nine Acre." Gardens are tramped over in enormous thigh-length rubber boots. The dogs tend to be slightly too large for the houses. On Saturday mornings the agricultural implement stores and the ironmongers and the corn-feed shops are filled with large, assured men looking very knowledgeable as they are sold expensive gadgets and the latest thing in scientific fertilizers. The little main street is choked with Land-Rovers and station wagons.

The sad thing is that, however much you pull on your pipe and trench and boil harness and blow up tree-stumps, the area available for your rural occupations is slowly contracting. Each road that once ended in a wilderness towards which you could feel proprietary now ends in a group of houses. Only if you are among the exalted taxpayers who go deep into the country and install ultra-violet lamps in their byres can you masquerade satisfactorily.

Some commuters prefer to spend their free time reading agricultural papers dressed in whipcord breeches to struggling to draw spiritual refreshment from one and a half acres and a cow. It sometimes surprises the native population how much about land and timber and fescue and saddlebacks some of these gentlemen from Lombard Street and Whitehall manage to know.

— CALCRAFT PIPER



criticism



AT THE PICTURES

Hell is a City
Who Was That Lady?

THE absurdity of the inappropriate title appears again with *Hell is a City* (Director: Val Guest). For one thing Shelley's comparison was with London, and here is a film that is not only set in Manchester but makes no attempt to compare it with hell. This is a straight crime-and-pursuit story told mainly from the angle of the police, of very much the same kind as for instance *Gideon's Day* except that it is less episodic and more violent (in the Hammer Films tradition). Its merits are narrative speed and certain fresh details of the local scene and circumstances; for the characterization is rudimentary, and the point of the thing is not much more than the interest of its moment-to-moment action and its account, not notably surprising, of the work of the police. Its main fault is its climax, as artificial as the ritual final scene in a Western: a rooftop duel between the hero-policeman and the villain-murderer, preceded by antiphonal yells of melodramatic abuse.

Another fault is that the piece is not

satisfactorily integrated. We are shown the domestic unhappiness of Detective-Inspector Martineau (Stanley Baker) at the beginning, but this has no real bearing on the essential story. Martineau is the man who does more than anyone else to solve the case and catch the fugitive murderer, but there's no indication that things would have gone any differently if he had been a totally different kind of character, with a happy home life and a wife who was willing to give him children and wasn't constantly complaining sourly about his irregular hours. Similarly, though for much of the story we are with him, watching the pursuit from his angle and seeing how he manages it, there are some scenes and sequences that don't involve him at all. We see the jailbreaker (John Crawford) and his accomplices planning the robbery, we see them do it, we see it result in a murder; and also we see bits of the private life of the bookmaker whose money they take. Scenes like this, and others including that of the "tossing school" on the moor (where men go on Sunday morning to gamble on the toss of pennies, while look-outs with field-glasses watch for the cops) don't really belong in a film that is arranged to fade out on Martineau and the cliché-idea

"That's over, but his job goes on."

Nevertheless, as I say—the pace is quick, the action is gripping enough, the local detail is interesting, the whole thing is competent and effective. And it's not as violent as all that, though of course the publicity exerts itself to attract some and repel many by suggesting it is.

The ending is unsatisfactory, too, in *Who Was That Lady?* (Director: George Sidney), but I found this wild farce pretty enjoyable on the whole. Without being so scientifically calculated or so efficient an assault on the solar plexus muscles as *Some Like It Hot*, it is in the same key, and has several points of similarity. The main one is that it concerns two men, one of them Tony Curtis, who pretend to be something they are not, and that the laughs come from the cumulative craziness of the scenes in which the pretence involves them. Dean Martin is the other man, Mike, a TV writer with a "compulsion to invent." When his friend David needs a domestic excuse for being found in an extra-marital embrace, Mike declares they are both under-cover F.B.I. men who have to do such things in the line of duty. From this seed flowers a luxuriant jungle of well-imagined nonsense, much of it very funny; the only trouble is that ending, which seeks to introduce a note of reason by contriving that some more or less serious "foreign agents" should be foiled, and that David's wife (who has been loving it all, excitedly "playing cops and robbers") should forgive him. Somebody has objected to the picture on the ground that it is impossible to believe in Tony Curtis as an assistant professor of chemistry, which is supposed to be his job here. You might as well object to it on the ground that the climax (which has the pair in a steamy, flooded basement of the Empire State Building, fervently singing the patriotic hymn "America," under the impression that they are going down together in a scuttled enemy submarine) is a trifle improbable. . . I laughed a good deal.



Ann Wilson—JANET LEIGH

Harry Powell—JAMES WHITMORE

David Wilson—TONY CURTIS

[Who Was That Lady?

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, the outstanding one is still *The Four Hundred Blows* (16/3/60). *Come of Silence* (4/5/60) and *Can-Can* (30/3/60) continue. Farther out, at the International Film Theatre, is *Come Back Africa* (27/4/60).

Releases include *School for Scoundrels* (6/4/60—94 mins.), misleading title for a comedy contrived round the Potter principle of Lifemanship; *Seven Thieves* (6/4/60—

102 mins.), well-done crime-and-suspense piece with Edward G. Robinson; and *The Last Angry Man* (13/4/60—100 mins.), sentimental and over-emphasized but with good bits.

—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

The Caretaker (ARTS THEATRE CLUB)
Over the Bridge (PRINCES)
A Shred of Evidence (DUCHESS)
The Golden Touch (PICCADILLY)

HAROLD PINTER is one of the few truly *avant-garde* dramatists who can dispense with a conventional plot and yet completely hold our deep attention by brilliance of dialogue and depth of feeling. Clearly he owes a debt to Samuel Beckett, but it is one of form, not content; his approach to life is entirely his own. Eadly acted, *The Caretaker* would be a nightmare; acted as memorably as it is in Donald McWhinnie's production at the Arts, it is an experience I shall not quickly forget. All its three characters are slightly round the bend, and in a frightening way nearer real sanity by being so. Two of them are brothers, one a spiv with dreams of glory who owns the dilapidated house in which the action, if you can call it that, takes place, the other a nice little carpenter whose brain has been slowed by an operation and who lives in one room in the house which for years he has been on the verge of decorating. First he has to build a shed in the garden for a workroom, and then it will be easy.

And the third is an old deadbeat tramp invited in to rest his feet. Many years earlier he had left all his references with a man at Sidcup, and he is still waiting for the bad weather to break so that he can go and fetch them. I can only say that Donald Pleasance seems to have been born to play this part, he brings it to such fascinating life. It is a wonderful slice of imaginative acting. The old man still has shreds of dignity. His mind gets stuck in a groove like a damaged record, and he suffers terrible intimations of his own helplessness. The carpenter is played beautifully by Peter Woodthorpe, whose long monologue about his operation I found breathlessly exciting, and Alan Bates gives an equally good account of the spiv.

It is impossible to convey the dynamic quality of Mr. Pinter's dialogue. *The Caretaker* is by turns wildly amusing and very moving. By implication it is an extremely shrewd commentary on the obstacles in the past of the poor old human race.

REP. SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, *The Cherry Orchard*, unspecified run.
 Queen's, Hornchurch, *The Merchant of Venice*, until May 21st.
 Playhouse, Sheffield, *Pygmalion*, until May 21st.
 Guildford Rep, *Hot Summer Night*, until May 14th.



Rabbi White—J. G. DEVLIN

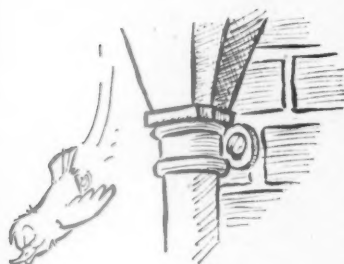
Over the Bridge
 Archie Kerr—SAM THOMPSON

Over the Bridge is an interesting first play by Sam Thompson, a Belfast shipworker, about union trouble in the shipyards made more complicated by the appalling religious bigotry that still obtains in that city. The first of the two acts is a long-drawn-out debate, informative but not very dramatic, on these subjects; but the second contains a scene of such tenseness that we are made to feel the presence of a mob that is working itself up to tear us to pieces. A time-bomb exploding in the yard has triggered off anti-Roman Catholic feeling, and a gang of fanatical sheep is out to get a single Catholic who has courageously turned up for work. It does, and with him a saintly old trade unionist who has insisted on standing by him. The last scene is a post-mortem on these events, when in the shadow of the funeral things are seen in a saner perspective.

Mr. Thompson's dialogue has bite and humour. His characters are the types one would expect, but they are acted with authority, particularly by J. G. Devlin, Joseph Tomelty, Patrick McAlinney, Colin Blakely, John McBride, and the author himself. James Ellis, also a Belfast man, produced with understanding.

I should say that R. C. Sherriff's *A Shred of Evidence* is almost as tense as a play about very boring people can

be. Its situation certainly gives one to think about the average week-end country cocktail party. Medway, a suburban businessman, is inveigled into too many nightcaps on the way home from a rugger dinner, and makes a mess of putting his car away. Next day he hears a police S.O.S. on the radio for a hit-and-run motorist who has killed a cyclist the night before on a road he believes he has taken and at the time he would have used it. He is what passes for an honest man, and what is interesting is Mr. Sherriff's demonstration of how easily all but the strongest of us could be deflected from the strict truth. Medway has a great deal to lose with his good name; he has a young family and is about to be made a director of his firm. The gradual sapping of his integrity is plausibly done, and Mr. Sherriff plays fair with us even in his surprise ending, though he seems to me to obscure the issue unnecessarily by saddling his hero, by nature an abstemious fellow, with three previous convictions for drunken driving. As a problem play *A Shred of Evidence* works, but quite good acting by Paul Rogers, Jean Kent, Ralph Michael and others cannot disguise the hard fact that the Medways are a deadly family. They are so completely without imagination that not once do any of them express compassion for the widow or anxiety about her compensation.



The Golden Touch is by the authors of *Grab Me a Gondola*, Julian More and James Gilbert, and I liked it better. This time their targets are international finance and the beatnik generation. A Greek shipping tycoon still greedily extending his empire plans to ruin by development an unspoiled island where his daughter runs a beatnik colony. After arranging a diplomatic marriage with the son of the sovereign bishop, he is delighted to find himself balked by his resolute daughter, who saves the island, and shedding her arty pose, goes off with his Mancunian personal assistant. Obviously most of these people are unattractive. The Greek is a vulgar monster, his daughter and her friends are unwashed and insolent and their clothing hideous; but at least there are ironies in the situation that save us from the saccharin intensity of most musicals. The beatnik chorus, trained by Paddy

Stone, dances extremely well; there is some wit in the songs, so far as I could judge above a much too noisy orchestra, and the music matches the chorus. Hugh Casson takes us charmingly to the Aegean. Cec Linder gives a terrifying impression of a Napoleon of commerce working up his ulcers, and Gordon Boyd and Sergio Franchi as the rivals for Gogo sing manfully. It seemed to me a serious drawback that Evelyn Ker, who plays Gogo in a Bardotish way, speaks such broken English that it is often unintelligible.

—ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
Rhinoceros (Royal Court—4/5/60), Laurence Olivier magnificent in Ionesco's new satire. *A Passage to India* (Comedy—27/4/60), E. M. Forster's novel brilliantly adapted. *What Every Woman Knows* (Old Vic—4/5/60), Barrie's comedy still amusing.

ON THE AIR

The Bard and Some Amateurs

DESCRIBED by the Head of Television Drama with commendable restraint as "our epic pageant," "An Age of Kings" (BBC) began in a very promising fashion with Eric Crozier's boldly edited version of the first half of *Richard II*. I am one of the small band of ignorant plodders to whom Shakespeare's chronicle plays appear as a fog of incomprehensible battles, fought by a succession of neurotic kings and barely distinguishable nobles, the whole muddle being shot through (sparingly) with gleams of breathtaking poetry. I believe this present BBC enterprise will dash a few of the scales from my eyes. Already I have had particular pleasure from Geoffrey Bayldon's performance as York, Christopher Whelan's music, and the production by Michael Hayes, who is cunningly turning the disadvantages of the small screen to positive advantages, and deserves great praise. There was a tendency to gabble the verse at times, and some of the long, familiar passages (notably, for me, Gaunt's "This England" speech) were presented almost as recitations. Still, one man's Shakespeare is another man's apoplexy, and it would be churlish indeed to pick holes in what I am sure will prove in the long run to be a splendid piece of tapestry. The idea of preserving continuity in the characters by having them played by the same actors as they move from play to play is a particularly pleasing one. Here's richness, in fact, from now until November.

"Top Town Tournament" (BBC) was quite a good idea, but if we are to be subjected to it year after year I can foresee tedium. Once was enough to remind us that amateurs are not as good at entertaining as professionals, and nothing useful is to be gained by hammering the point home annually in a parade of embarrassment. Some questions of merely academic interest remain. For instance, might not the programmes prove even more quaint (not to

say authentic) if the amateur concert parties concerned had to do without the assistance of the BBC Northern Dance Orchestra, Jimmie Leach at the electronic organ, and Barney Colehan's production? And what in the world persuaded Vera Lynn and Eric Robinson, judging the second contest, that the Swansea show had more variety than the Belfast show? If a point was ever moot, that was it.

It is not a far cry from all this to the Duke of Bedford, who was billed as a star performer in "Perry Como Comes to London" (BBC) a couple of weeks ago, and proved decisively that he has a long way to go before he masters the knack of speaking even the simplest dialogue, moving easily before a camera, or in general appearing to be anything but an ordinary member of the public with a belly-full of butterflies, suddenly dragged into the glare of a television studio and confronted with a million pairs of invisible but critical eyes. It could hardly be otherwise, for few ordinary members of the public are born with a talent for acting, or telling jokes properly, or timing lines of dialogue, or inflecting a sentence for the best possible dramatic effect, and no jot of blame attaches to them for that. But we are told that the Duke has now set himself before us as a professional performer, with an agent, and large fees, and presumably an eye on the top-of-the-bill spot in "Saturday Night at the London Palladium," or a part in "Probation Officer," or a cameo in "Hancock's Half Hour," and this really is too much. Risking incarceration in the Tower, I feel bound to suggest that being a duke, with or without a profitable abbey, should not in itself be regarded as a sufficient qualification for membership of Equity or the V.A.F. For His Grace, you will observe, is billed not as "John Russell" but as "the Duke of Bedford"; and in the course of his professional career so far he has appeared before us not as a conjurer, or a trampoline artist, or a baritone, or a light comedian, or a violinist, but simply (and not at all memorably) as himself. There is only one place for well-paid performers to be themselves, and that is on the panel of "What's My Line?"; and since it seems doubtful that the Duke has a striking enough personality to justify a seat among that hallowed company (not to mention the fact that the present incumbents are all obviously good for another twenty years) I expect to watch his television career with increasing chagrin. All that remains now is that he should pleasantly surprise me. I hope he does.

—HENRY TURTON

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

- "Punch in the Theatre."—Barker's Store, Eastbourne; Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne.
- "Punch in the Cinema."—Gaugmont Cinema, Derby.
- "Punch with Wings."—Exhibition Hall, Queens Buildings, London Airport Central.

BOOKING OFFICE

BACKSTAGE

By ERIC KEOWN

The Art of Ruth Draper. Morton Dauwen Zabel. *Oxford*, 35/-

I Remember Romano's. Henry Kendall. *Macdonald*, 21/-

Steps in Time. Fred Astaire. *Heinemann*, 21/-

UNTIL the last eighteen months of her life Ruth Draper astoundingly carried her enormous repertory in her head, varying it from night to night. Then, luckily for us, she put her monologues into manuscript, and now they are published for the first time in *The Art of Ruth Draper*, giving us at last a chance to judge her writing divorced from the magic of her acting. It survives the test remarkably, and it is fascinating to find that even those pieces one never saw her play have the power to make the mind's theatre teem with living people.

This collection includes a brief and helpful memoir by Dr. Morton Dauwen Zabel, who traces her career back to the nursery, where already she was a capable mimic. She was much in demand as an amateur entertainer in the great drawing-rooms of London and New York long before she decided to turn professional, a process delayed by the first war; she was still in doubt about her future when Henry James settled it by saying "My dear child . . . you . . . have woven . . . your own . . . very beautiful . . . little Persian carpet . . . Stand on it!" How triumphantly she did so the whole world knows. She never studied acting or elocution. Her approach to her art was entirely practical, with no smoke-screen of theory; all she needed was to live with a sketch for several years, pruning and polishing, before she gave it to her public. In the strict sense of the word, she was unique.

Henry Kendall has had a full and surprisingly dangerous life, and he writes of it delightfully in *I Remember Romano's* (which, as it happens, he doesn't). In the first war he sank a submarine from a flying-boat, and the peace kept its excitements with a film in which he flew a Puss Moth with one hand while photographing himself with the other,

and another that took him to Timbuctoo with a hare-brained scenario that aimed to frighten him as much as possible. Having got going with the Old Vic just before 1914, he made rapid progress after the war and was soon starring in London and New York. He has had some wonderful runs, such as the revues with the Hermiones, and recently some reverses, which he accepts without moaning. He has the enviable trick of conveying his own enjoyment, and this autobiography is packed with good stories, admirably told, of which a fair sample is an uncle rushing at him in the Members' Enclosure at Epsom, where with Edna Best he was playing a love scene for the early film *Tilly of Bloomsbury*, and, aghast at his nephew's jaundiced face, shouting "Good God, my boy, are you all right?"

There is a moving description of his grief, as a producer, at having to dismiss Marie Tempest at the very end of her career for inability to learn her lines. Mr. Kendall has some blistering things

to say about the Method and the self-pity of the modern play, but his book is distinguished by good temper and good sense.

In contrast Fred Astaire's autobiography, *Steps in Time*, is so breathless and factual that it seems to be all surface. He slips easily into cliché, as "Beautiful Lismore Castle afforded us much pleasure. Situated in County Waterford, high above the Blackwater River, which is famed for its salmon fishing, Lismore is rich in tradition and historic charm." Somehow his catalogue of success, of bigger and better fees, of celebrities met, makes dull reading; the early stuff, dealing with the struggles of the Astaires on the way up, is far the most interesting. But although he writes disappointingly, at least he himself emerges as a simple, honest, very likeable character.

All three books have a liberal ration of amusing photographs.

NEW NOVELS

When the Kissing had to Stop. Constantine Fitz Gibbon. *Cassell*, 16/-

The Hero Continues. Donald Windham. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 15/-

The Frauds. Michael Hastings. *W. H. Allen*, 15/-

Angelo. Jean Giono (trans. Alma E. Murch). *Peter Owen*, 15/-

THE nineteenth century expressed its optimism and its hopes for the future in novels about Utopia. The equivalent form for the twentieth century is science fiction and that kind of horror novel which includes *1984* and *Brave New World*. In such novels our prospects for the future look grim, if there is to be any future at all. One would like to think that the Awful Warnings of the present age are as unlikely to be realized as were the Utopian dreams of the Victorians.

At any rate, the horror novel of the future is a special, fanciful genre, and *When the Kissing had to Stop* is right in the Orwell-Huxley tradition, though it lacks some of the complexity of aim of *Brave New World* and *1984*. The trends in our society it chooses to exaggerate are obvious enough, but Constantine Fitz Gibbon builds with enormous skill an atmosphere of reality and probability, and the horror of the ending is so powerful because it could happen here. The scene is England in a few years' time, morally enfeebled, rife with fashionable protest. Britain has quarrelled with Europe in trying to preserve trade with the Empire, quarrelled with the United States over missile sites and is now alone, another Tibet. The Conservative Party is overthrown by a large anti-nuclear party, led by a power-mad politician who contracts secret alliances with the Russians in pursuit of his aim to lead

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



STRAUSFELD

5.—GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON
Books, Evening Standard

the country. He succeeds in his aim, but the Russians, using him as their tool, peacefully occupy the country. Mr. Fitz Gibbon thus pours open scorn on our moral decline, our wishy-washy liberalism, our now thoroughly fashionable views on Nuclear Disarmament: his aim is polemical and while I would argue with his interpretation of power-relations in the future, he puts a horrifying, fascinating and even plausible case.

Donald Windham is an interesting American writer whose second novel, *The Hero Continues*, shows great imaginative deftness; you may, though, recognize his theme as an old one. His hero is a writer whose nature is destructive; at the beginning, we see him with a pronounced death-wish which he seems to conquer as he becomes a successful playwright. But although he has succeeded in channelling his creative energy he remains destructive as ever in personal relationships; and we come to realize that his creativity is itself a disease, a canker which spreads through his frame and never allows him comfort, love or peace. Yeats's cruel warning that the writer must choose between perfection of the life or of the work is taken one step farther; a man is corrupt if he hasn't both. Mr. Windham scrutinizes this corruption with something of Scott Fitzgerald's pitiless eye, and he invents intense, dramatic images of failure and declension. But as with Tennessee Williams, to whom the book is dedicated and to whom it owes something, the images can become too strong; Mr. Windham gradually dismantles his hero, taking away first an eye, then his right arm, and finally his virility.

Michael Hastings is 21 and his second novel, *The Frauds*, doubtless deserves a lot of credit. He depicts his characters and his setting, Brixton, with depth and skill, and he avoids many possible naïvetés. Yet

the novel is naïve, in its lack of distance from its characters, its philosophical direction, but above all in its shape. The plot, though told in extravagant detail, is a simple one and the main characters change but do not develop to any mature, any real recognition of the nature of their problems.

Admirers of Jean Giono will be interested in *Angelo*, which takes Angelo's story as far as the beginning of *The Hussar on the Roof*. Giono is a fine historical novelist, but in writing of nineteenth century France in the Stendhal manner he loses, because of his historical distance, all Stendhal's passionate and savage concern with his time, substituting instead a civilized good sense, a nicely critical attitude toward his characters, and great literary skill.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

INTREPID BIRDMEN

The House on the Shore. Eric Ennion. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 28/-

The Mystery of the Flamingos. Leslie Brown. Country Life, 25/-

A practising doctor who, not liking the idea of State Medicine, abandons his profession and has a shot at making a living out of his passion for natural history does not lack initiative. Dr. Ennion sold his practice in the nick of time and became the first Warden of the first Field Study Centre, at Flatford Mill. After five years of that he thought a bird observatory would be more fun and sought for a house big enough, and pleasant enough, to attract "the individual, independent bird-watching, artist or naturalist" who would be the financially essential p.g. The result, as hundreds of visitors know, was Monks' House on the coast of Northumberland. This is a book about the business of running a nature guest house, about the kind of people who come for the various courses,

about netting and ringing and the birds of the Farne Islands, about the Cheviots and how an ecological survey is carried out. The style is on the bluff side, a trifle ridden in places by "walls of Jericho" and "Powers That Be" and "too many cooks." But Dr. Ennion has the two essentials for those who write about birds—knowledge and enthusiasm.

Mr. Leslie Brown, readers of his earlier book *Eagles* will remember, does most of his birdwatching in Africa. For the last six years he has been concentrating on the Greater and Lesser Flamingos of East Africa, whose breeding habits have hitherto been something of a mystery. Finding the birds themselves is no problem, since they congregate on the alkaline lakes of Kenya and Tanganyika in flocks of half a million and more, but being long-lived as birds go and not subject to serious predation they breed irregularly and, when they do breed, choose gruesomely foul, inaccessible and mosquito-ridden mudflats. By giving up all his leaves and week-ends to the search, learning to fly, all but perishing in glutinous mud and losing the skin off his feet from soda burns, Mr. Brown eventually tracked down breeding colonies of both species and achieved the ultimate satisfaction of watching and filming them from a hide in a temperature of around 115 degrees. His entertaining book, enriched by many splendid photographs, makes the birdwatcher in England feel a bit of a cissy.

—H. E. ELLIS

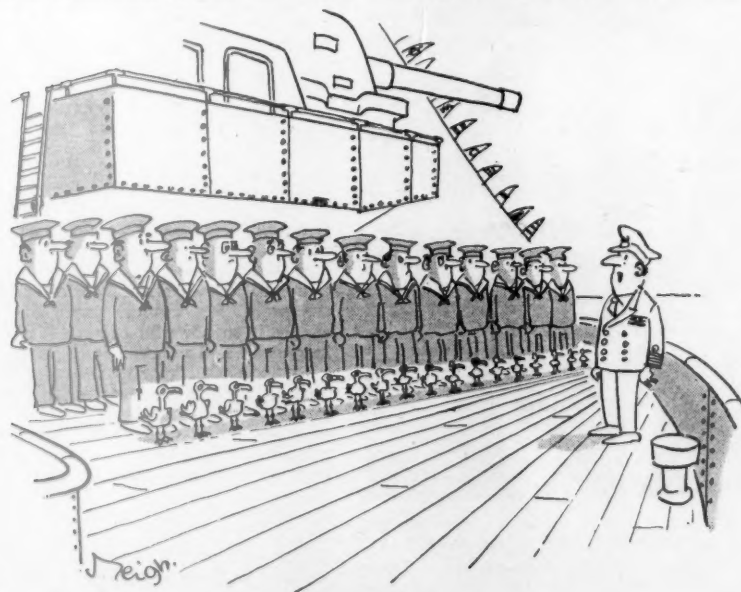
EMPEROR IN EXILE

The Last Years of Napoleon. Ralph Korngold. Gollancz, 25/-

St. Helena Story. Dame Mabel Brookes. Heinemann, 30/-

Two books have appeared together on the last six years of Napoleon's life: the years of St. Helena. They do not clash: they are, in fact, complementary. Mr. Korngold's qualification as an author is that he uses the whole of Grand-Marshal Bertrand's diaries for the first time. Dame Mabel Brookes has a personal claim to attention: she is descended from the Balcombe family who were Napoleon's hosts during his long exile on the island. Her book is, particularly, the story of Napoleon and Betsy Balcombe, the young and engaging tomboy who became his friend and confidante.

When Napoleon, in exile, heard that Murat had been shot, he said: "The Cabrians were more human than those who sent me here." Yet was he entirely unhappy at St. Helena? Mr. Korngold makes it clear that he found a certain pleasure in his status. "However miserable he may be here," declared Baron Stürmer, the Austrian Commissioner, "he secretly enjoys the importance attached to his detention, the interest taken in it by all the Powers of Europe..." He often repeated that he would rather be captive on St. Helena than a free man in the United States. Dame Mabel Brookes confirms his words: she embroiders a vivid picture of "the hills and encircling sea,



the sound of goat-bells," which must have taken Napoleon back to his island childhood. She conjures up a not unattractive world of "slave-carriers and unlimited slave households, tropical fruits and English flowers, crinolines and canned provisions, both newly come into vogue, Chinese porcelain, Indian carpets, home-made amusements, balls and dinners." In fact she recreates the climate with remarkable success. I think her book is, on the whole, more human and readable than Mr. Korngold's; but I do commend both for their accuracy, their detail, and their perceptive understanding. Those of us who were still rather ignorant about St. Helena may feel now that we have seen Napoleon plain.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

KEEPING FIT

Folk Medicine. D. C. Jarvis, M.D. W. H. Allen, 15/-

This book has "swept America," and one can see why. It touches something very deep, this sort of assurance that by observing two or three simple, easy rules one can achieve perfect health. The secret, it appears, is to take regular small doses of cider-vinegar and honey and to avoid wheat cereals, refined white sugar, citrus fruits and even, up to a point, soap. Dr. Jarvis explains in bio-chemical terms why this régime should be beneficial, and he records many carefully-organized tests, some of them lasting years, that seem to prove it is. Short of declaring flatly that he is a liar it is hard not to be convinced. He does not write well; but noting the robustly facetious incredulity of many newspaper reviewers of the book, one is tempted to remember that the things he tells the reader to avoid account, directly or indirectly, for a good deal of advertising.

— RICHARD MALLETT

The Yoga of Health, Youth and Joy. Sir Paul Dukes. Cassell, 25/-

This book has the subtitle "A Treatise on Hatha Yoga adapted to the West," and its main purpose is to provide instruction in that branch of Yoga which is concerned primarily with the attainment of physical perfection as a necessary condition for spiritual development. The exercises, *asanas*, rules of hygiene, diet and so forth are set out in detail, and the various postures are illustrated by photographs of the author and his wife. Sir Paul also supplies an interesting introduction, distinguishing between the different kinds of Yoga, and placing the whole subject in historical perspective.

As a practical text-book this should provide a useful guide to the beginner, though there is much in the earlier chapters which will make the unconverted reader raise his eyebrows: to say, for example, that the doctrines of Berdyaev, Gurdjieff and Ouspensky "profoundly affected European thought between the two world wars" is surely a questionable statement; nor does the writer's uncritical respect for Madame Blavatsky inspire much confidence in his judgment.

— JOCELYN BROOKE



CREDIT BALANCE

Giants Cast Long Shadows. R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam, 21/- Like the conjurer — "take any card you like and I'll tell you what it is" — Sir Robert reacts almost automatically with a string of entertaining anecdotes, elongated diary paragraphs, at the mention of any name celebrated in diplomacy, foreign politics, sport, fishing, and he looks back in affection, not anger, mostly.

Reign by Reign. Stephen Usherwood. Michael Joseph Ltd. 21/- Each reign in this potted English History is dealt with in one page of text and one page of colour-illustrations. The page of text is further divided into sections: The Monarch, Politics, Religion, Arts, and Learning and Science. The pictures are informative in a straight-forward style.

An Eccentric in the Alps. Ronald W. Clark. Museum Press, 35/- Almost a must for mountaineers because the subject, the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, was such fun; apart from climbing (as often as not with his aunt and dog) he wrote 200 articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, quarrelled furiously with other Alpinists, and got a great kick out of his first ride in a car, at 74, in 1925.

Crime Documentaries: Guenther Podola. Rupert Furneaux. Stevens, 18/6. Blend of reportage and transcript of trial. Material fascinating and, apart from occasional and atrocious attempts at brightness and vividness, handled seriously. Classical legal tangle. There's nobody like a lawyer for making a dignified escape from a quandary.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR WOMEN



No Eggs With My Bacon

THE weekly baking session was in full swing. The flapjacks were in the oven, the flan cases cooling on the rack. Now for the cakes.

I cracked an egg smartly on the side of a cup and it slipped slowly and heavily from its shell. I stared unbelievably as I automatically threw the shell into the bin, and with trembling hands took the cup to the window. It was true. In the cup lay a newly-laid new-laid egg!

Excitedly I grovelled under the sink, retrieved the broken shell from the bin, and examined it closely. Yes, there was that lion waving to me as it balanced in space over a number. For one heady moment I had suspected that some farmer's wife had slipped an egg straight to my dairyman without it being held captive somewhere, awaiting the official stamp before being streamlined into the proper channel for meandering on its way to the nation's larder.

This stamp shows the official size of the egg, so that if the recipe says take two large eggs you must read the shell, otherwise your deceptive eyes might persuade you to pick up a standard-size egg by mistake. Certainly unless you read the shell you wouldn't think of it as a large egg, but the stamp is proof—that's why there's that ingratiatingly friendly lion pictured on it—the psychological touch, so you won't feel irritatedly disbelieving when the egg reads "large" when it looks so small.

You might think they should have chosen a picture of a rampaging housewife, mixing bowl at the ready, for the stamp, just to remind someone that women really care whether their eggs are fresh; but that shows you're not thinking of the Egg Marketing Board, who are always thinking of you.

As a consumer I was tremendously excited by what had happened as the result of the Egg Marketing Board moving into their splendid new premises. They obviously had room to rediscover the lost art of getting fresh eggs to the nation's breakfast tables and working surfaces. From now on I would buy eggs for the sheer pleasure of eating them. No amount of posters exhorting me to travel about on eggs, in attractive natural colour but gigantic size, could tempt me into buying what experience

told me would never look so appetizing if I ever dared to boil one. There is no joy even in breaking an egg for baking if the white runs thinly through the shell as it is cracked, and the unsupported yolk, flopping hurriedly after it, weakly punctures itself by the mere act of falling into the cup.

This was obviously to be a thing of the past. Now eggs were to be of the kind once delivered by rosy-cheeked farmers' sons and daughters, straight from the farm. (The milk came straight from the farm, too, and the cream, never less than three inches deep, crept lower and lower in the bottle during the summer.)

I looked lovingly at the old-fashioned egg lying in the cup, dreaming of boiled eggs for breakfast, then joyously snatched up another egg and broke it into another cup. The contents fell out in unseemly haste, the white, flowing over my fingers, too jaded to control the yolk which fell dispiritedly into the watery white and sank to the bottom of the cup.

I sneered at the gaily waving lion and threw him into the bin.

— G. E. CANN

For Holiday Girls

ANY day now the papers will be bursting out with the old Holiday Beauty Care piece. I'm going to get mine in first.

Girls, do you know the danger of taking your hair on holiday? How sun, air, water, tight bathing-cap, loose bathing-cap, no bathing-cap, cool fresh weather, hot muggy weather, foreigners nuzzling you while you dance, and last but not least the drying effect of drinking on hot pavements all absolutely conspire to make the silkiest locks frizzle, straggle, wisp, bleach, darken and finally give up and come out in handfuls? But don't worry—there's a new whalefat hormone extract you just rub in eight times a day before setting with plastic rollers for a brisk ninety minutes, followed by a short massage and hey presto!

Then sun-tan. Are you going to be caught first day on the beach looking oh, so pathetically pale and "new," second day like a lobster, third day in

bed with a raging fever and lucky to get up in time to go home? Good news here too—a special graduated range of thirty-five oils which, if used strictly according to the accompanying chart's minute-to-minute time-table for the first fortnight, give a lovely honey-gold finish that can't peel or chip!

You think your figure is good, but wait till you get it out there! Starchy food and office life (unless you live at home of course, then it's home life) have given you over-developed forearms, a midriff spare tyre, thickened kneebones and a slouch—so waste no time in getting along to those new equatorial mudbaths in a Mayfair side-street at the holiday budget price of one hundred guineas the six exclusive of the supplementary Exercise Course! Even with all that you're bound to need a fully-boned swimsuit, and experts have at last produced a really fully-boned one that dry-cleans in a flash.

As for the rest of your holiday outfit

—you know it has to be interchangeable, uncrushable, versatile, lightweight and drip-dry, but can you recite off-hand all fourteen items of the Matching Separates? From sun-top right through to cummerbund? Left out the three-quarter cape and the breakfast-cloth, didn't you? And put in, through sheer muddled thinking, the Frankly Offbeat

Raffia Blazer? It's for just such holiday girls as you that a famous department store is now ready to help you with a Holiday Uniform List that remembers *everything* from Reversible Poplin Duster to Frankly Romantic Froth of Lace!

Yes, even a holiday can be carefree—if you take the advice of us experts!

— ANGELA MILNE

Let Me Be Me!

HAVE you noticed lately we've been losing our identities? Our personalities went some time ago when we began all that business of being styled and typed. The woman's magazines saw to that with all those series—"Is your face round, long, or pear-shaped? Then your hair should be bushed, tweaked or shorn off altogether."

I managed to keep out of that. Chiefly because I've got a head of hair that nobody can do anything with anyway, and if they shave it all off it just grows again thicker than ever. True it gets into everything and I spend a lot of time unhooking it from bramble bushes, saucepan racks, dog-leads and wire coat-hangers; so the other day I thought I'd better do something about it and got one of those WHIRLO brushes or whatever they're called. You know the ones I mean—with bristles all round. Well, I got it into my hair and couldn't get it out. It was there for weeks, I'd become one of the things they're always advertising—house-cleaner with brush attachment. In the end my daughter had to use a blow-lamp. It's grown again now. And my face—well, that's spade-shaped and wasn't accounted for in the series at all. So I kept that.

Then there's that face-powder game. Is your skin pale, olive, or merely mud-coloured? Our expert will mix *your* powder to suit *your* skin. A neighbour of mine got caught on that. She went on a jaunt to town and decided it would do us both good to have a box of this stuff. Hers was dead white. I don't know how she described me, for mine was bright orange. We must have looked like a couple of clowns till we got the idea of mixing it to suit ourselves.

And where is all this personality they're taking away from us going? Why, into the things of course. All the

inanimate objects round the house. And now it's our clothes! It's not so bad with things—who minds a Visper sink or a Tresco stove or a Pesco bicycle?—but when it gets round to our clothes it sticks.

It isn't me in this Hobo coat or me in this gipsy blouse. These aren't my feet in these teenager totter-pots. It isn't me in this Cuddly Bun skirt with the fur-lined hangover, or me in this outrigger jersey with attached Bandithood. And it definitely isn't me in this Perky Jerkin or me in those Beachcomber pyjamas with frilled gusset legs.

Where is me? I want me! Let me be me, let me be me, LET ME BE ME!

— DIM PARES



"I preferred her when she was 'nervous, listless and irritable and had no energy to join in her family's fun.'"

All Together Now

IN history books a vital act That's often underplayed is The drama of the noble's wife Who first, objecting to a life- So communal, complained they lacked Withdrawingrooms for ladies.

Alas! The hall, a smaller place With each succeeding mistress, Became a few square feet of floor Between the staircase and the door—

No room to swing a cat, no space For hats or aspidistras.

But now "togetherness" is in: Sink, beds and television Are curtained off—and those who dare To ask about the noise, or where The nursery ends and stairs begin, Are greeted with derision.

So down with the dividing wall, The root of all that's evil In house design! And hail the man Who introduced the "open plan"— So gay, so new . . . and, after all, So frankly mediæval.

— ANTHONY BRODE

Toby Competitions

No. 113—For Art's Sake

AN appraisal by an art critic of an Academy picture of which the meaning is far from clear to many laymen is invited. Any subject may be chosen. Limit 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. The closing date for entries has been advanced. They must be received by first post on Wednesday, May 18. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 113, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 110

(Twisters)

The popularity of crosswords among a widely-varied public was reflected in the large number of competitors who submitted clues to fit a list of six words. Judging was made difficult by the different approaches used by compilers. Many showed originality with some of the clues but did not quite qualify with their entries as a whole.

The winner was:

MARY ROBERTS
40 PETTIVER CRESCENT
RUGBY

who called in the aid of rhyme (including a doubtful one):

CIRCUMBENDIBUS:

You take the end, as like as not
A taxi-man might take the lot.

PERLUSTRATION:

By way of sin allowance, here's a tip,
Take a close look, a reconnoitring trip.

HOODWINK:

Monkish habit, eyelid-tremble
Are met together to dissemble.

ANGOSTURA:

An ancient town, forgotten quite
That gave its name to bark and bite.

HUMERUS:

A buzzing sound, then hesitate before us,
A blow on this might easily prove uproarious.

DEGLUTINATE:

A surfeit here 'midst mingled dine and eat
Can even prise young Johnny from his sweet.

Book tokens are awarded to the following:

CIRCUMBENDIBUS: Classically around the bend I take public transport to avoid coming to the point.

PERLUSTRATION: By means of Latin, lascivious desire has its limit and the result is ceremonial purification.

HOODWINK: Deceive American gangster with as good as a nod.

ANGOSTURA: Confused territorials shortly containing nothing in assorted guns brings the artillery to a bitter end.

HUMERUS: Straight from the shoulder, it sure comes back to a vulgar unpleasant smell.

DEGLUTINATE: Could be I swallow mixed glue tin in appointed time.

P. T. Goodrham, 117 Holland Road, London, N.W.10

CIRCUMBENDIBUS: Numbed, very muddled, and briefly in the same place in the circus.

PERLUSTRATION: There's no love in the peroration about lust.

HOODWINK: Robin has a very short nap.

ANGOSTURA: The Argonauts seem rather drunk on this.

HUMERUS: Nothing in this bone will make it funny.

DEGLUTINATE: Ted is mixed up; he has, for example, a mischievous French sprite inside him.

Mrs. V. R. Ormerod, 2 Henleaze Road, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

CIRCUMBENDIBUS: I catch a bus around the corner—on Chesterton's Road?

PERLUSTRATION: By way of limited vice.

HOODWINK: Granddaughter's reply to a wolf.

ANGOSTURA: Bitter pleasure or a bark up the right tree.

HUMERUS: Comedian's elbow.

DEGLUTINATE: A date with a tin of glue that came apart.

Mrs. A. M. Suter, 42 Willoughby Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

CIRCUMBENDIBUS: Indirectly, it sounds like a polite invitation to show strength with a poker, while a foreigner admits to a delusion that he runs on wheels.

PERLUSTRATION: This wandering survey hints at State control for our animal urges.

HOODWINK: An American gangster tries to make a doll. Occupational therapy? No, you're deceived.

ANGOSTURA: A Turkish goat swallows an Irish dinner, I hear, and ends up in a pink gin.

HUMERUS: Hesitate in the compost heap, and produce a funny bone.

DEGLUTINATE: I.e. Dante all twisted. Put too much in and you'll come unstuck.

Peter Veale, 3 Shepherds Hill, London, N.6.

Book tokens also to:

G. E. Harvey, 19 Franklyn Avenue, Crewe; M. H. Perry, 26A Kenilworth Road, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.



"I think he's trying to tell us something."

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